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The Police of the Metropolis.

LONDON has for many years past been subject to the sinister influence of a mob stirred up into spasmodic action by restless demagogues. Their operations have exercised undue influence on the Government of the day, and year by year the Metropolis of our Empire has become more and more prone to dangerous panics, which, if permitted to increase in intensity, must certainly lead to disastrous consequences.

If the citizens could only keep their heads cool and support the police in the legitimate execution of their duty there is nothing to be dreaded from the most powerful combination of the mob, but all peace and order will be imperilled if the citizens continue intermittently to join with the mob in embarrassing those who are responsible for the security of the Metropolis.

There are over 12,000 police in London, deducting those employed at Dockyards, &c., and it is probable that these might readily be reduced to 10,000 if the inhabitants would do their duty as citizens and uphold the law. They have, however, from long custom extending over more than a hundred years, acquired an unreasoning habit of cavilling and finding fault on every occasion without making any due enquiry, and very frequently on incorrect information, and they are actually doing

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their best to hand their security and property to the mercy of those who wish to share the latter with them.

Formerly, and even as late as 1848, many citizens of good position may have had good reasons to sympathize with the general object of the Chartists and other reformers while condemning their mode of procedure. But now that reform after reform has put the Government into the hands of the people, further changes may be left with confidence in their hands, and it is curious to see both influential persons still fostering insurrection, which must, if successful, end in their ruin, and the people endeavouring to hinder the action of the laws which they have themselves put into operation.

It is to be deplored that successive Governments have not had the courage to make a stand against the more noisy section of the people representing a small minority, and have given way before tumultuous proceedings which have exercised a terrorism over peaceful and law-abiding citizens, and it is still more to be regretted that ex-Ministers, while in opposition, have not hesitated to embarrass those in power by smiling on the insurgent mob. If we search history during the present century, we shall find that down to the year 1886 the mob or rabble exercised a decided influence over the destinies of London. In the spring of that year it over-leaped all bounds, and London was subject to a three days' reign of abject terror, pitiful and ridiculous, which only terminated because the mob was so completely astonished and taken aback at its own success, that it was not prepared to continue its depredations.

Since then the mob has realized its power, and has made preparation for further aggression, while corresponding arrangements have been made by the Executive to preserve the peace. London in the meantime has become more hysterical and liable to panic, and the barometer of public feeling and opinion, so far as the daily journals put them forth, has oscillated violently from period to period, and there seems no inclination for it to settle down to "set fair."

Each interval of panic is succeeded by one of self-complacency and congratulation, and these oscillations can, to a great extent, be gauged by the estimate in which the Metropolitan Police are held. If they are praised up and petted, we may be sure that the public scent danger in the air, and that a panic is imminent; while if, on the other hand, they are abused and vilified, we may take it for granted that the public feel quite secure. This alternate blaming and praising has a most detrimental effect

upon the efficiency and discipline of the police force, and is probably equivalent to the loss of the services of a large percentage of police constables.

After the revulsion consequent on the riots of February 1886, we find that there was nothing bad enough to say of the police for some months ; but during the autumn, rumours of approaching disorder caused the police to be spoken of as models of propriety, until the difficulties surrounding the Lord Mayor's procession were surmounted, when the police became again subject to attack, until the spring of 1887, when the disturbances of the Socialists alarmed the minds of many. Then there were severe misgivings as to the possibility of keeping order during the Jubilee, and the constable, to his astonishment, found himself to be considered decidedly a good fellow. But no sooner had the admirable conduct of the police contributed largely to the wonderful success of the Jubilee proceedings, than the public turned round upon them with unexampled fury, and attacked them in the most unworthy manner. So violent was this attack and slander, that it actually re-acted forcibly on the mob, grown quiet since the previous spring, and they, thinking the police would now have no spirit to resist them, commenced proceedings which, but for vigorous measures, might have resulted in the ruin of London.

Before it was quite too late, however, a portion of the public saw the danger a-head, and rapidly rallied to the support of the police, and the clearing of Trafalgar Square was successfully accomplished without loss of life or destruction of property.

Thus almost for the first time during this century the mob failed in its ascendancy over London and in coercing the Government, but it would be puerile to ignore the fact that there will be again efforts made to remove the destinies of the Metropolis out of the hands of the people into those of the mob.

Gradually peace has been restored, and security prevailing during the summer of 1888, signs were not wanting that another attack on the police was at hand. But this time it was to be of a more insidious character, being directed not so much against the individual police constables, as against the police administration, and if successful, it would effectually cripple the power of the Executive to keep peace and order on the approaching Lord Mayor's Day. Fortunately, however, a note of alarm has been sounded in time, and citizens are again beginning to rally round the side of law and order.

It should, however, be fully realized that this violently fickle conduct of the public is very dangerous to the preservation of peace. It is straining the administration of the police, it is endangering the discipline of the force, it is encouraging the mob to disorder and rapine, and it very much increases the police rate.

It may readily be conjectured for what purpose these desperate efforts have recently been made to vilify the police administration, and to circulate exaggerated and incorrect statements concerning its internal arrangements. The object of this article is to put a few leading facts before the public, which may possibly clear away many of the misconceptions with which the subject of police has been dexterously surrounded ; and it can be understood, from examples now given, that there may be a vast number of other points on which most inaccurate statements have been made, but on which, for police purposes, it may be better to say little or nothing, as it is probable that one of the objects of the slanders at present being scattered is to draw some reply which will reveal the internal working of the police administration in a manner which may be useful to those who are acting contrary to law.

The whole safety and security of London depends, in a great measure, upon the efficiency of the uniform police constable acting with the support of the citizen, the constable being kept up to the mark, and yet prevented going beyond the law by the Commissioner of Police and the Police Magistrates and Judges. And it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind, at a time when the detective efficiency of the police is being called in question, that it has always been held as a police maxim that "the primary object of an efficient police is the *prevention* of crime, the next that of detection and punishment of offenders if crime is committed. To these ends all the efforts of police must be directed. The protection of life and property, the preservation of public tranquillity, and the absence of crime, will alone prove whether those efforts have been successful, and whether the objects for which the police were appointed have been attained."

The police statistics can compare most favourably with any other city in Europe, and crimes of a heavy nature, such as murder and burglary, are very rare.

The office of constable or peace officer dates back to the Saxon period.

Two constables or peace officers were originally chosen in every Hundred, and they were permitted to exercise their offices by deputy. Their actual powers of arrest in cases of felony are very slightly greater than those of any other citizen; the principal difference being, that while any person can arrest any one whom he reasonably suspects of having committed a felony, the peace officer can arrest on the same grounds, whether a felony has in fact been committed or not.

The word "police" has not until quite recent years necessarily included the police force, but only the legislative arrangement under which the magistrates were enabled to prevent crimes and misdemeanours. The term "police" was introduced from the Continent, and appears to have been first used in 1787, when paid constables were appointed in Ireland.

The police system was very slowly developed in England, and was first introduced in London in 1792, when seven police offices were established, with twenty-one stipendiary justices. In each of these offices six paid constables were appointed, and with the eight at Bow Street and sixty-seven patrols, gave a force of 117. The parochial constables numbered 883. So that the entire force amounted to 1000.

In addition were 2044 beadles, watchmen, and patrols, and thus the entire civil force of the Metropolis made an aggregate of 3144 men, the population at that time being estimated at 1,250,000 persons.

Notwithstanding this improved system of police, it was ascertained, even after it had been in operation for several years, that the loss in London by petty thefts alone amounted to £710,000, and that the aggregate value of the depredations committed on public and private property yearly amounted to £2,100,000, and this failure of police was attributed in a great measure to the disintegrated state of the police force of the Metropolis, occasioned, under the parish system, by a number of jurisdictions, clashing one with another, and preventing the full operations of a system by which the energy and vigilance of the police office might be properly utilized. (In 1887, with a population of 5,476,000, the loss was £97,000.)

By degrees the system of paid constables acting under the Magistrates developed more and more, until the necessity arose for a centralization of the administration of the whole force of constables in connection with the Executive, as distinct from the judicial duties of the Stipendiary Magistrates, and it was deter-

mined to appoint a ninth office of police with two Justices of the Peace, who were to direct and control the whole force of constables.

This is probably the most important step ever taken in the interest of Justice, the judicial functions remaining with the eight offices of police of London, while the administrative functions were placed under the Westminster or Scotland Yard Office of Police, specially appointed for the purpose. There can be little doubt that the great confidence which is reposed in the London Magistracy and in the Metropolitan Police is due to this separation. The constable (not the Commissioner, let it be observed) has under the Police and other Acts enormous powers which are willingly accorded to him, because there is every confidence that if he were to abuse them he would be punished by the magistrate. The report of the Constabulary Force Commission, 1839, specially refers to this subject, and they quote the following striking remarks of a Manchester Stipendiary Magistrate :—

“I think that all decisions of magistrates in cases where policemen have been concerned, are much more satisfactory, and will be far better received than they would be, if that force were supposed to be under their control.

“One of the first and most important steps in the improvement of the Metropolitan Police consisted of the separation of these functions, and it will be seen from the evidence of the most experienced professional magistrates, delivered before the recent Committee of the House of Commons, and of the unanimous opinion of the Committee, that the completion of the separation is essential to the completion of the improvement.”

The Scotland Yard Office of Police was established by Sir Robert Peel in the year 1829, which, acting under the immediate authority of the Secretary of State, should direct and control the whole system of Metropolitan Police; two Justices of the Peace being appointed under the Sign Manual to execute the duties of Justices of the Peace at the said office, and within the limits of the Metropolitan Police district for the preservation of peace, the prevention of crime, the detection and committal of offenders, and for carrying into execution the purposes of the Metropolitan Police Act. The Justices, however, cannot act at any Court of General or Quarter Sessions, or in any matter out of Sessions, except those above mentioned.

In 1839 an Act was passed for further improving the Metropolitan Police, and in it the two Justices of the Peace of Scotland Yard were first termed Commissioners of Police.

In 1856, an Act was passed appointing but one Commissioner of Police in lieu of the two Justices or Commissioners, to be styled "The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis," and stating that the duties and powers of the Commissioners of Police were to be performed by the sole Commissioner, and all enactments having reference to the Commissioners of Police were to be applicable to the said Commissioner of Police. At the same time two Assistant-Commissioners of Police were established, who, under the superintendence and control of the Commissioner, should perform such acts and duties in execution of the Act relating to the police as may from time to time be directed by orders and regulations made by the Commissioner with the approbation of the Secretary of State.

The Commissioner of Police, as a Justice of the Peace, is also given statutory power to furnish the Police Magistrates with a report on matters with reference to the Act for regulating their Courts, and to the Police of the Metropolis, and such report is to be considered by the Magistrates.

In 1884 an Act was passed establishing an additional or third Assistant-Commissioner, subject to the same regulations as the two first. This additional Assistant-Commissioner was appointed to enable the Commissioner to control the Criminal Investigation Branch.

It may be interesting to mention in a few words some of the principal statutory duties which devolve on the Commissioner in addition to his primary duties of preserving the peace, preventing crime, and detecting and committing offenders.

The Commissioner has special power under the Metropolitan Streets Act, 1867, both as regards the general limits extending to six miles from Charing Cross, and as regards special limits, within which, with the approval of the Secretary of State, he is empowered to declare any street which is within the general limits.

Within those special limits he can make regulations as to routes to be observed by vehicles, and persons riding or driving, and taking up and setting down of passengers by stage carriages. The loading of coal and casks, and carriage of timber and heavy goods can be prohibited during certain hours.

Within the general limits the duties are manifold. He can

prohibit scavenging and driving of cattle between 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. ; direct dogs to be muzzled, and stray dogs, after they have been in his possession three days, to be sold ; to license shoe-blacks, and messengers, and fix their stations. No picture or placards (except newspapers) can be carried through the streets, or distributed without his permission, and as to costermongers there are special regulations.

He makes regulations for preventing obstructions in the streets during public processions and rejoicings or illuminations, and for keeping order near places of public resort. He regulates the routes and conduct of persons driving carts and carriages, cattle and animals, during the hours of divine service, on special holidays, or in any case where the streets or thoroughfares may be thronged.

He has also the power to make regulations for maintaining order, and securing safety of the public on the river Thames during regattas, boat-races, &c.

He authorizes the inspection of premises or steam-ships, to which the provisions of the Smoke Nuisance Act apply.

He grants licences for cabs and omnibuses, and has custody of the property left in public carriages, and determines the ownership and the awards to drivers and conductors.

He has power to order watch-boxes to be put on highways.

He is the local authority, and may place restrictions on all dogs not being under control of any person, should a mad dog be found within his jurisdiction.

He can authorize a Superintendent to enter a house, when there are good grounds for believing it to be used as a common gaming house, or as a betting house. He has power to direct summonses to owners or occupiers of ground upon which fairs are held without legal authority.

He is the local authority for exemption orders as to houses on special occasions under the Licensing Act, 1871.

The enforcement of regulations of local authorities under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, is carried out by the Police Force under the Commissioner's direction.

He controls the execution of the Common Lodging House Act ; grants certificates to pedlars and chimney sweeps ; appoints the standings for hackney carriages.

Many of the subjects above enumerated do not pertain to police duties, and have probably been placed upon the police because no other department was considered able to execute them

better. But now that a Local Government for London has been established, and an effort will be made to place the police directly under the County Council, it is questionable whether it might not be desirable to make an experiment as a preliminary measure, and give over to the Council such duties as are under the Smoke Act, the inspection of common lodging houses, the appointment of hackney carriage standings, the licensing of public carriages, the Lost Property Office, the duties connected with hawkers, pedlars, shoeblacks and messengers.

The Commissioner issues the warrants for the Police Rate, and directs the overseers to pay the amount into the Bank of England to the account of the Receiver.

No police application for summons can be applied for to a magistrate without the Commissioner's approval.

The Police Fund is not intended to bear the cost of prosecutions, and consequently they are not instituted by the Commissioner except indirectly. In certain matters the Commissioner applies to the Public Prosecutor; in other matters private persons are bound over to prosecute. In the case of disorderly houses, the parish vestry prosecutes.

The Commissioner is invested with special powers in regard to crime. He keeps the London Register of convicted criminals, and carries out the law regarding those who have been convicted within seven years of the expiration of their sentence. He has also the administration of the Extradition Acts.

In order to carry out these multifarious duties with an efficient police force, the three Assistant-Commissioners have had handed over to them distinct duties, viz.:

- (a.) The administration and discipline of the whole Police Force.'
- (b.) Civil business and matters connected with lands, buildings, stores and provisions.
- (c.) Criminal investigation.

In 1874, a Legal Adviser to the Commissioner of great professional experience and legal knowledge was appointed; he continued in office until 1887; since his death the post has not been filled up, and the greater portion of his work devolves directly upon the Commissioner.

On account of the jealousy of a section of the public shown to the Metropolitan Police from its establishment in 1829, no attempt was made to form any Detective or Criminal Investigation Branch until 1842, when a few of the uniform branch were detached for

this purpose. These were gradually increased in numbers, and it became the practice, though no fixed rule was in force, to recruit their ranks from the uniform police by placing them in plain clothes for a period of probation. This system continued up to 1878, when, owing to a want of supervision over some of the detectives, a Commission was appointed to report on the subject, resulting in the appointment of a Director of Criminal Investigation. It was clearly intended that he should be subordinate to the Commissioner of Police, and every one who knows anything of police duties must be aware that it was quite impracticable for police work to be done efficiently under two heads, the one independent of the other.

It is however stated in the Police Code published by the late Director, that the whole detective establishment was under his absolute control. However this might have been in practice, it was not so under the law, the Commissioner of Police alone being responsible for the Criminal Administration. A variety of difficulties, which were successively put right, occurred, and it was considered in the police that the change had not improved the detective service, and that on the other hand the uniform police had become less successful in preventing and detecting crime. Such an anomalous condition of affairs could not long continue, and in 1884 the appointment of Director of Criminal Investigation was abolished, and an additional Assistant-Commissioner was appointed by Act of Parliament, to act under the control and supervision of the Commissioner, and he was given charge of the Criminal Investigations. No change was made in the method of enrolling members for the detective service, but some few candidates have been admitted direct, and a great number examined and rejected. Of those admitted, few if any have been found qualified to remain in the detective service. It seems therefore that although the Criminal Investigation Branch is open to receive any qualified person direct, as a general rule no persons for some years past have presented themselves sufficiently qualified to remain. And there are indications of the advantages of a previous police training in the uniform branch, in the fact that the most successful private detectives at present in the country are those who have formerly been in and originally trained in the uniform branch.

It will be seen on reference to the Parliamentary reports that a portion of the detective force is employed in the Commissioner's Office as a Central Office Staff, while a portion forms part of

each division acting directly under the Superintendent, who takes his directions from the Assistant-Commissioner for Criminal matters in precisely the same manner as he takes them from the two other Civil Commissioners for Administrative and Civil business.

The great aim of the present system is to keep up the most cordial relations between the uniform branch and detective service, consistent with efficiency in both branches.

The genius of the English race does not lend itself to elaborate detective operations similar to those said to be practised on the Continent. The free institutions of this country are happily quite against any natural training of the youthful mind towards real detective work. When there is nothing to fear for an honest man, there is nothing to conceal, and mutual suspicion is not engendered. Englishmen learn to trust each other, until the "word of an Englishman" is used as the sealing of a faithful bargain among Oriental and savage tribes very far afield.

The system in vogue on the Continent has led to a different form of thought: there is a general system of Government espionage which stamps the mind of the people with mutual distrust, and which is reflected in the schools and institutions. Young people grow up to distrust and watch each other, and there is a natural detective system thus established. Moreover, the powers of the police are immensely in excess of anything which obtains in this country. Here the constable in cases of felony has scarcely more power than any other citizen—across the Channel the police are masters of the situation, the public give way before them, and the press does not venture to discuss their operations, to embarrass and hinder their enquiries, or to publish their results; though on the other hand there is a distinct and serious loss to the community, police included, from the absence of a free press.

On the other hand, Englishmen possess pre-eminently qualities which are essential to good detective work, such as dogged pertinacity in watching, thoroughness of purpose, an absence of imagination, and downright sterling honesty. These qualities go far to counteract the wants before enumerated.

Probably also the Englishman is yet more wanting in originality than his Continental neighbour, but this is a quality which is very sparingly bestowed on human beings, though it can be cultivated if a germ exist. On the whole it may be expected that for all ordinary services the Englishman among his country-

men is as likely to make as good a detective as a Frenchman among the French. But for abnormal services, as for those among bodies of foreigners living together in London, probably some special measures should be adopted.

The proof, however, of the London detective's value can only be tested by the results, and as the results are due to both uniform and plain-clothes police, it is fair to credit to each a due portion of the success attained. One hundred years ago, under a disjointed parish police service, London is said to have been more disorderly and worse policed than any city of Europe ; it has now, under a centralised police force, taken the first place among European cities, in regard to order and absence of crime, and this with a very moderate number of police officers. During the past year principal officers of police from the most important cities of the world have come to London to study our police organization, and to endeavour to ascertain how we are enabled to detect crime. Heavy crimes have been diminishing in the Metropolis year by year, so that even within the official lives of many police officers a marked improvement has taken place.

In 1797 the estimated number of persons supposed to support themselves by pursuits either criminally illegal or immoral, amounted to 115,000 in a population of 1,250,000, or nearly ten per cent. It is difficult to realize what would be the condition of London at the present day were there now such a percentage.

With regard to murder, the detection of the criminal has been made so generally sure, that this crime seldom occurs unless under abnormal circumstances. And it is this very fact which leads the public to suppose that the power of detection is declining. It will probably be allowed in the abstract that, with a perfect system of detection, no cases of murder are likely to occur, except of such a character that they could not be detected without considerable enquiry, and therefore the statistics would show a preponderance of undetected murders, although the proportion per 1000 would be at a minimum.

One of the modern difficulties the police have to contend with is the return to London of the hardened criminal class after short terms of imprisonment ; in former days these persons remained away for years, but now they are constantly returning.

It is merely a mathematical calculation what is the increased percentage of criminals who are now swarming in parts of London owing to short sentences, and it may be readily surmised

to how great extent they endanger the peace of the community and increase the expenses of the police.

If London had the power of refusing to admit within the Metropolitan Police District all persons who had been convicted two or even three times of heavy crimes, such as burglary and house-breaking, it is pretty certain that the number of police could be greatly reduced, and houses would be seldom broken into.

It has been a rule in the Metropolitan Police to give very little information to the public as to the Criminal Investigation branch, and in consequence many remarkable accounts have been given to the world which have not been contradicted. And so long as the stories did no harm, little importance was attached to them. Recently, however, stories have been circulated having a mischievous tendency, as likely to encourage thieves and criminals, and it may serve a good purpose to contradict them. In joining the detective force there is no hard-and-fast rule as to height, physique, age, &c., as in the uniform branch; any eligible candidate can be selected by the Commissioner, and it is not necessary for him to serve previously as a uniform constable. Any suitable person can be taken on. It is assumed by the public that because they may think they know the appearance of a constable in plain clothes, that therefore they know all the detectives in the neighbourhood. A remark made a short time ago by the Commissioner to one who complained that all the detectives were known is applicable; "You know all you know, but you do not know those you do not know." The public do not know the detectives as a body, and frequently erroneously assume that they are not present when they are beside them.

The detective staff is, however, a mere small percentage of the uniform branch, and whatever the public may think, it must be openly and unequivocally stated that the peace and good order of the Metropolis and the prevention of crime depends upon the uniform branch, and that the first and most essential point in a force of 14,000 men is administration and discipline. All other matters are subsidiary, and it has already been pointed out that one hundred years ago the police of the Metropolis utterly failed, not because they could not detect crime, but because they were an undisciplined rabble attached to the various parishes, and constantly at variance with each other.

It might be possible for a small force of constables in a small town to keep order and prevent crime without discipline, but with

a large force of 14,000 men, all would be chaos and confusion without it. With a large force, the higher the discipline the fewer constables are required, and a very small alteration in discipline may make from five to ten per cent. difference in the value of the services of the men. In other words, with 14,000, a moderate increase or decrease in the discipline may occasion an increase or decrease of 1000 men. It must not be supposed that because administration and discipline are put in the foreground—other most important matters, such as detective work, are ignored; but it cannot be too strongly enforced on the attention of constables and citizens that they, under the law, are the true detectives, and nothing should be said or done that will tend to relieve them of this responsibility.

The value of the detective branch itself is but a drop in the ocean for all the myriads of common-place offences which might develop readily into serious crime if not looked after by the uniform police and by citizens.

In carrying out his administrative duties the "Commissioner, subject to the approbation of one of the Secretaries of State, passes such orders and regulations as he shall deem expedient relative to the general government of the men to be appointed members of the Police Force; the places of their residences, the classification, rank, and particular service of the several members; their distribution and inspections; the description of arms, accoutrements and other necessities to be furnished to them; and which of them shall be provided with horses for the performance of their duties; and all other such orders and regulations relative to the said Police Force, as the said Commissioner shall from time to time deem expedient for preventing neglect or abuse, and for rendering such force efficient in the discharge of all its duties."

During the past two years the Police Orders in connection with administration promulgated in 1873, have been consolidated with those published from time to time during the succeeding fifteen years, and have now been issued to the Police Force for use and trial previous to final correction. This has tended immensely to assist Police administration, as now the whole of the orders on such subjects can be found in sequence without difficulty, while previously there was not an officer in the force who could say accurately what the orders on any particular subject were. This has been a matter of very great labour, as the varying duties of the force throughout the

Metropolis require the closest attention to the necessities of a variety of cases.

The system to be adopted in enrolling candidates has a most vital effect on the Police Force, and during the last two years a variety of minor improvements have been effected.

One of the most glaring defects was that of having an enormous list of candidates on the books waiting for several months, by which system the best often got employment elsewhere before their turn came round, and the Police Force thus lost their services. The endeavour has been to have a very small list of the most eligible candidates who should be kept waiting at most but a few weeks. With this in view, a considerable amount of weeding out has been adopted. There is now a preliminary medical examination outside London to enable candidates to at once ascertain whether they are likely to pass the examination of the Chief Surgeon. The Chief Surgeon's examination has been made more strict, so that a more enduring class of men are passed through. The standard height has been raised from 5'8½ to 5'9 and the age reduced to 27. An educational test has also been established. There is, however, no hard-and-fast rule in cases where the exigencies of the police service require a man with some special qualifications.

After the passing of the candidate, he proceeds to the Candidates Section House, which has recently been established, where he remains from fourteen to eighteen days learning his police duties and drill; he also receives a complete course of lectures in rendering first aid to the sick and injured.

Formerly the candidate was located in lodgings about the town, and his course consisted almost entirely of drill only. A book of instructions for candidates in police duties has been printed, with a copy of which he is furnished; and he is required to pass an examination in this before he can be enrolled as a police-constable. On being sworn in, he is posted to a division where he learns his duties by attendance at a police court and in other ways for fourteen days, before he accompanies an experienced constable for duty on a beat. The training of these young constables in this manner has often led to the assertion that the police officers are now working in the streets in couples.

It is necessary that the constable, after he is once appointed, should keep up sufficient knowledge of drill to enable him to march in file from one street to another, or to form up quickly in times of procession and fête days in order to line the streets,

This drill occupies one hour per week (on pay days) during the summer months or other warm weather, and is knocked off in very hot or very cold or wet weather, or when there is special business. The result is that in the September quarter, which is the quarter in which there is most drill, there were eight drill days on the average, with an average of 3500 men attending. This is equivalent to two hours' drill per man per quarter. And taking into consideration the lesser amount of drill during the other quarters, the average is about *six hours' drill per annum*.

During the years 1886 and 1887 the drill was almost entirely given up. This fact will possibly give some idea of the incorrect statements recently circulated concerning the excessive drill to which the members of the Metropolitan Police are subjected. When constables and sergeants are promoted, they are required to be able to give words of command to the men they march about, and if not able to pass in drill, are put through a course of from ten to fourteen days. The drill-book has been revised during 1886, and only details of the most simple description have been inserted in it, such as are absolutely necessary for police duties, and only extending to squad drill. Police are not now drilled in companies as in former days.

It is quite untrue that there has been any attempt to make soldiers of the police, but there are certain attributes and qualifications which have been aimed at which pertain also to the soldier, sailor, postman, railway guard, or, in fact, to any citizen who joins an organized service.

It is also quite incorrect that a large number of reserve or discharged soldiers have been recently added to the Police Force. The Commissioner has for some years been restricted to the number of five hundred army reserve men at one time, and the reduction of limit to twenty-seven years of age has diminished the number of discharged soldiers joining during the last two years, though exceptions are made in the case of a discharged non-commissioned officer with very good testimonials and character.

The great object of the superior officers has been to keep well in view the fact that the constables are citizens acting among and assisted by their fellow-townsmen, and there are probably no persons in this country who have a better knowledge of their position, duties, and obligations as citizens than officers who have served in the army.

There can be very little doubt that the outcry against the police as a military force, so far as it is not instigated for special

political or sinister purposes, is due to the Englishman who poses as a censor of public bodies, possessing, as a rule, but one idea at a time. And he imagines that all his fellow-countrymen must be endowed exactly as himself. Consequently, when he finds how admirably the police performed their duties during last year—in camp and court—during fêtes and tumults, he jumps to the conclusion that this is their only qualification, and that they can do nothing else.

This is really an unfair and unreasonable proceeding, but yet it will be found to pervade the minds of most of our fellow-countrymen; and as a significant commentary on this fact, it may be mentioned that among the several hundred letters received from correspondents of all classes lately about the Whitechapel murders, the bulk of them make only four proposals, thus showing their poverty of originality.

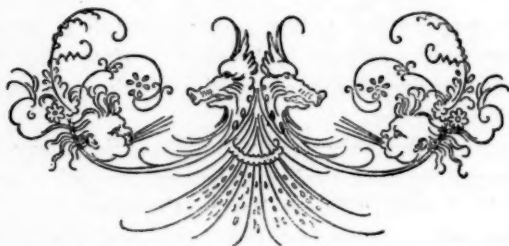
It has been said that the police operations in Trafalgar Square were but military operations: it should be pointed out, however, that while the tactics were highly commended, the strategy was admired not only by experts at the clubs, but by the Social Democrats themselves; and there is a most interesting letter on the subject by Mr. Morris in one of the democratic newspapers. It must be conceded that strategy is a qualification pre-eminently required for police service, and if it were not for strategic reasons, much could be said to show that the Police Force is not wanting in those qualities which so directly lead to the detection of crime.

On the 12th of December, 1873, the Home Secretary, Mr. Lowe, when commenting on a similar attack on the police at the Fishmongers' Hall, said, "The agitation, therefore, is not so much against the police as against the ratepayers, for it is only by maintaining the confidence of the people of the Metropolis that you can manage with so small a force."

In conclusion, it may be observed that it is quite impracticable within the limits of a short article to do more than show in a few important instances that the hostile criticism levelled at police administration is based upon absolutely incorrect premises; probably enough has been said to assure the reader that no attempt has been made to drill and train the police as a military force, that more attention is being paid to the detective duties than the service has ever had bestowed upon it before, and that the question as to the necessity for an increase to the Police Force is a matter resting entirely in the hands of the citizens of

London. If the people of London choose to create panics and false alarms, they must prepare themselves for some extra safeguards than the present number of police; but if they will keep cool, and recognize the fact that the police are doing their duty in an admirable and exemplary manner, so far as is in the power of flesh and blood, among all the temptations to which the citizens subject them, they will come forward and assist the police, as many Vigilance Societies are doing at the present time, in repressing crime; they will cease to praise or blame at times when it is not applicable; and they will find that in succeeding years, the want of an extra number of police officers will steadily diminish.

CHARLES WARREN.



The Reproach of Annesley.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

"Give me the man that is not passion's slave."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE BALCONY.

It was not till the next afternoon, when they were at coffee, sitting under the plane-trees by the water, that Edward met Alice; and by that time he had so schooled himself into accepting Paul's superior claim upon her that he was able to command a perfectly tranquil and friendly manner towards her.

Paul and Gervase had been closeted together all the morning, on affairs which seemed to have urgency. Mrs. Annesley had at times been admitted to the conference, and had otherwise pursued the extensive and interesting correspondence for which she was celebrated. Edward and Sibyl had taken the eager school-girl, who was half-intoxicated by her recent final deliverance from thralldom, to see such lions as Neufchâtel afforded.

But all these occupations had now come to an end, and the whole party were assembled beneath the sun-steeped plane-tops, with the clear, massive jewel of the deep blue lake before them, when Alice issued from the hotel and joined them.

It was a change upon Paul's face, which was directed towards the lake at her coming, that arrested Edward's attention, and caused him to look round and catch sight of the figure in white moving slowly towards them. She was pale, but not otherwise altered from when he last saw her, save that the look which had remained before him ever since he parted with her in the

bustling street at Medington was gone, and gone, as he feared, for ever.

"I was so sorry to be unable to see you, last night," she said with a tranquil smile, and a slight pained quiver of the lip, which he did not understand, and she took the hand he offered as coldly as he gave it, while they both thought of the warm pressure of a few months since.

He replied by some expression of regret for her illness, and handing her his own chair, placed another for himself near it, unconscious of the intensity with which the meeting was being watched. Paul had closed his mouth fiercely and firmly, while the breath came strong and quick through his nostrils and his hands clenched themselves. Gervase gave one of his side-long glances, and placing one hand in his pocket, broke a pencil into fragments with his fingers. Mrs. Annesley looked on the pair with head erect, and a peculiar smile that her son knew, but in this instance did not notice. Sibyl regarded them with a tender yearning gaze. It is wonderful to think of the storm and tumult of varying passions that was stirred in these different hearts by the simple incident of two people meeting and exchanging commonplace observations in renewal of an acquaintance of a few days formed a few months since. Eleanor alone considered the incident too trivial for observation, and continued chatting to her aunt about their pleasant morning ramble, and the delicious ices Edward gave them.

When the pair sat down, and Alice addressed some remark to Mrs. Annesley in deprecation of the latter's displeasure at her leaving her room, the pressure on all those hearts relaxed; Paul's stormy face calmed, Gervase regretted the destruction of his pencil, Mrs. Annesley wore her most engaging smile, but Sibyl's sweet face had a disappointed look.

"I felt so perfectly rested, I was obliged to get up, Mrs. Annesley, in spite of the doctor's orders," Alice said.

"You will repent, Alice, and Annesley will enjoy a savage triumph over your certain relapse, which you deserve for taking no notice of me," said Gervase, handing her some coffee.

"There are two Mr. Annesleys now, and we have not even the distinction of doctor to help us, since Paul has become so grand," said Sibyl innocently.

"I only wish I had my promotion to help you to the distinction of Captain, Miss Sibyl," replied Edward; "as it is, Paul is *the* Annesley—the head of the clan."

"And if Paul dies, Ned will be *the* Annesley," Eleanor added cheerfully.

"I am sorry I can't oblige you just yet, Nellie," said Paul, pinching her cheek, while his mother frowned. Edward laughed, and said he would quite as soon have a live cousin as a landed estate, which Gervase considered as a polite inversion of fact.

"And why did you knock yourself up in this cruel manner, Miss Lingard?" Edward asked.

Alice replied that it was very usual for people to overtire themselves on mountain excursions, a thing that persons of taste did not regret, since it quickly wore off and was but a small price to pay for the delight of seeing the sun rise upon the Alps; that she had been unlucky in getting no rest in the little hut in which she had passed the night, and still more in being unable to get any food, since she could not eat that provided. "And to crown all," she added, "I had to come home in an uncomfortable boat instead of a luxurious carriage."

"And Paul lost an oar, too?" asked Edward.

"Yes, but that was my fault," she replied, colouring. "I must needs go and faint instead of steering, and Mr. Annesley's hands were over-full."

Paul coloured even more than Alice at the mention of this incident, and made no observation. Edward was consumed with indignation with him for having taken the weary girl alone in a boat, an indignation that Paul echoed inwardly, though he half justified himself by the consideration that it was his last chance and a desperate one.

"I should have thought a doctor ought to have known better," Edward said with some heat; but Gervase quickly rejoined that doctors invariably do the most imprudent things, which Mrs. Annesley confirmed by narratives of her sainted husband's unintentional cruelty to herself.

Alice regretted now that she had not given up the Swiss tour, as she had wished to do when Paul's intentions were made manifest to her just before they started. But he had begged her with such insistence, and had so pledged himself to refrain from re-opening a question she thought finally settled, and there were so many other reasons, chiefly concerning Sibyl, whose wounded heart she had hoped to heal both by the change and enjoyment thus afforded and by the clear understanding she would gain of Edward's views, that she had yielded.

And now Edward was there, but he had forgotten all that

occurred at Arden, while Sibyl—she feared that Sibyl remembered too much. Else she had misread the lustre in Sibyl's dark eyes and the peculiar exaltation in her face when she bent over her for a good-night kiss the evening before.

For some time after Annesley's visit to Arden in April, the postman's well-known step had brought an unacknowledged tremor to the hearts of both girls, whenever he passed before the window to the kitchen-door, where there was always a welcoming word and a cup of drink for him. As day after day went by, and no new and unknown handwriting appeared on the letters delivered, an increasing sense of disappointment, which she neither owned nor analysed, took the lustre out of the sunshine and the beauty from the waxing summer for Alice, while Sibyl grew impatient and half-indignant, she scarcely knew why. Once, a few days after his departure, Mrs. Rickman received a letter from Edward, which she read out for the public benefit, a formal little epistle thanking her for his brief and pleasant visit, and containing conventional greetings to the whole family. Gradually the postman's step evoked a slighter tremor in the girls' hearts, and the keenness of the vague daily discontent wore off; the impending tour was discussed without reference to Edward, and Alice felt that whatever power she might have had over his thoughts was now gone. All those signs and tokens of deepest meaning in his words and looks, were doubtless misconstructions of her own. He had been charmed only for a moment, and superficially; she had never touched his heart, and he had now forgotten the passing fancy. Or he might have been charmed to the extent of perceiving danger, and for that very reason have decided, like the sensible man he seemed to be, not to follow up an acquaintance that might lead him into undesirable paths. While she reasoned thus, Alice's cheek lost a little of its youthful bloom, and her manner acquired a certain listlessness; she blamed herself for having been so ready to misconstrue the passing interest of a stranger, and decided that it was highly unbecoming to allow him any place in her thoughts, hoping that Sibyl had the strength to make the same decision.

In the meantime Paul's attentions, though delicate and unobtrusive, had been unremitting; he had told his mother of his heart's desire and enlisted her on his side; thus Mrs. Annesley's powerful influence had been brought to bear upon Alice, who always had a certain tenderness for the stately, solitary woman,

with her external coldness and inward passion, whose very weaknesses appealed to the younger woman's generous and calmer nature.

The intelligence that Edward was to join them at Neufchâtel, as his sister's escort, did not reach Alice, who was absent at the time it came, till the day of her return with Paul from the mountain excursion, an occasion which he had made for himself and utilized for a formal proposal of marriage. It was then that the oar had been lost, and that, in a final passionate appeal for mercy, he had betrayed his consuming jealousy of Edward, and spoken of the latter's expected arrival. Their solitary situation in the boat together, the vehemence of the fiery-hearted man and the passion with which he urged his suit, frightened the weary girl, and had, as Paul well knew, as much to do with the fainting fit as the mountain climbing ; and now, as Alice sat under the plane-trees with the cousins, knowing what was in Paul's heart, and seeing Edward serenely polite and indifferent, she began to ponder some excuse for leaving the party.

There had been little communication between the cousins since their altercation in the garden at Medington ; Edward had written to congratulate Paul upon his altered circumstances when he inherited the Gledesworth estates, and Paul had replied with cold formality, informing him that in the event of his dying unmarried, the landed property (which was not entailed) was to pass to him, as it would in case he left no will. Edward thanked him for his kindly intention, expressing the hope that circumstances would render it of no effect, and nothing more passed between them.

A letter Edward wrote to Mrs. Annesley was unanswered, a circumstance that made little impression upon him. Paul had told his mother of what occurred between himself and Edward in the garden that spring afternoon, and at the same time had spoken of his wishes concerning Alice, and Mrs. Annesley, though obliged to acknowledge that Edward had borne himself honourably in a very trying position, had taken sides against him as Paul's rival and enemy, and her former liking for her nephew had turned to a dislike commensurate with the intensity of her nature.

But Edward, though he could not help seeing that his arrival was unwelcome to his aunt, had no suspicion of all this ; he expected to be petted as usual, not dreaming that Paul would have spoken of the false position in which they found themselves, or of the compact they had made respecting it. Neither did he

think that his presence was now unwelcome to Paul, since the latter had, as he thought, won his point. He was thus unconscious of being a cause of offence to any one and perfectly tranquil at heart, having subdued the rebellious feelings of disappointed love, and did his best that afternoon to be pleasant and sociable, in spite of Paul's grimness and his aunt's chilling majesty. Gervase, too, was in a genial mood, and Sibyl was unusually animated, and took up her former bantering tone towards Edward, who liked it.

In the evening the young people went for a starlight row on the lake, intending to linger about for the rising of the moon; Paul excused himself on the plea of letter-writing, and Alice on the ground of her recent fatigue. They were stepping into the boat, when Edward's foot slipped, and he fell full length into the water between the boat and the quay, and had to go back to change his soaked clothes, leaving the other three, to Gervase's chagrin, to go for their row alone.

Thus it happened that when he was fit to be seen again he strolled out on the gallery in search of cool air and quiet, and so encountered Alice, whom Mrs. Annesley, unsuspectingly nodding over a newspaper in her sitting-room, supposed to have gone to bed. When they saw each other the two young hearts began to beat with sympathetic vehemence, and at first each was inclined to avoid the other and beat a retreat, an inclination conquered by the better feeling of each—some pride in Alice, which rebelled against acknowledging her weakness, a loyal determination on Edward's part to accept the situation and let no weak emotion conquer him. He therefore approached the chair she occupied, and, half-seating himself on the gallery rail with his back against a pillar, began in an unembarrassed strain to explain his return from the boat, and to continue a conversation they had carried on at coffee about various homely topics connected with Arden, the health of Raysh Squire, the grey mare, the dairy, and so forth.

"I wonder that you remember these trifles, Mr. Annesley," Alice said; "though, indeed, they are the chief interests of our lives."

"There are things one cannot forget," he replied, safe in his conviction that there was no more hope or fear with regard to her heart; "certainly not such sunny memories as I have of my little visit to Arden. Not," he added rather inconsequently, "that I expect Arden people to remember it."

"I think Arden people's memories were not unpleasant," she replied.

"But you had forgotten about my part in the tour," he urged, with a slight tincture of reproach. "You were surprised to see me."

"We thought *you* had forgotten," she answered; "or that you had changed your mind—that it was but a passing intention—a 'one of these fine days' affair, as Mr. Rickman says," and Edward's heart leapt up at this admission that she had thought and speculated so much upon it.

"You see I had not forgotten," he replied with gentle reproach; "I intended it from the first, and have been building on it all the summer."

"Yes," she replied with a neutral accent, and a faint sigh, which might have been fatigue. Her eyes were turned from him, she gazed pensively across the wide lake, lying dark beneath the stars, and upon the dim masses of the vast mountains, spectral in the uncertain light, with her cheek resting wearily on her hand. Edward looked down upon the quiet face, which was lighted up by the lamp within the room, with kindling eyes and a swift hot stir of uncomprehended emotion. She did not seem happy, as a newly affianced bride should; his heart yearned strongly over her, and his breath came quick. He could not speak, nor could she; the silence deepened about them and folded them round as if in a close embrace; it grew so intense, that each thought the other must hear sounding through it the heart-beats which told the too rapid minutes. For a moment he felt his self-control going in the stress of that silent communion, felt that he must speak out, and lay his heart's devotion, vain as it was, at her feet; a quiver went through him, he grasped the balcony rail with a fiercer grip; he had already unclosed his lips to speak, when Alice, under the pressure of his unseen but ardent glance, averted her head, and so shaded it with her hand that he could no longer see her features; she thus overset the delicate poise of feeling; had she turned to meet his glance, as she dared not, it would all have been different, the currents of many lives would have been diverted. He mastered the impulse with an effort; loyalty to Paul, the chivalry which shrank from giving her needless pain, a sort of deference to his own manhood, all sprang up in answer to the turn of her head, and helped him to subdue himself, and break the sweet and passionate silence with calm and measured words.

"No wonder that others forget," he said; "three months is a long time to keep a commonplace conversation in one's head.

"Yes; three months is a long time," Alice replied, not dreaming that she had changed the current of their lives by that slight movement of the head, and not thinking on what airy and infinitesimal trifles fates are balanced; "and so many things have happened this summer. Your cousin has become since then another person, or rather personage."

"He has indeed! Lucky fellow! This will be a fateful summer in his memory."

"Then we have lost Gervase," continued Alice tranquilly. "And since the election, when he came out so strongly as a political speaker, he has become more and more immersed in politics, and is beginning quite a fresh career."

"Rickman is a clever fellow," said Edward, glad that the tension of feeling was relaxed.

"No one suspects the power that is in him; we shall hear more of Gervase some day. When once he is in Parliament, he will make a stir. He is the kind of man who makes revolutions, or arrests them at the critical moment."

"How fortunate he is in having a friend who thinks so highly of him!" returned Edward, jealously angry at this prophecy.

"Not more highly than he deserves, as you will see if you live long enough. Few people know him as well as I do. I am his sister, and yet a stranger. I have all the intimate knowledge of a sister, and none of the natural bias. Sibyl is too like him to appraise him properly."

"Miss Rickman strikes me as the greater genius of the two," said Edward, "and she is so charming."

"Isn't she?" replied Alice, flushing up with enthusiasm, and meeting his now softened gaze fully, while she launched out into an affectionate panegyric of her friend. "I am so glad that you like her," she said at last, "and I am sure that the more you know her the better you will like her."

The moon had now risen above the silent hill-peaks, it was shedding its mystic glory over the calm bosom of the waters, and touching Alice's radiant uplifted face, whence all trace of self-remembrance had fled. The influences of the hour were potent, the danger signals throbbed in Edward's breast; once more he clutched the gallery rail fiercely, and thought of the loyalty he owed to Paul.

"You are a friend worth having," he said at length, subduing

himself to a cold and even utterance ; " some day, perhaps—" here the romantic influences threatened to overwhelm him again, and he paused to recover himself—" you may enter me—if I prove myself in any way worthy, that is—upon the list of friends—that is—I hope you may."

Alice quivered slightly, moved by the glowing incoherence of his words, then she summoned all her pride to resist the rising tenderness and hope within her, and looked him directly in the face, where she saw nothing but serene friendliness, and wondered a little.

" Surely you may if you like," she replied with frank indifference ; and Edward, yielding to a stronger impulse, took her hand, and pressed it too warmly, so that Alice coloured, and withdrew it with gentle firmness ; then Edward, who was just going to make some allusion to the connection about to be formed, as he supposed, between them, started violently, and stood upright, gazing at something behind her. Alice turned then, and saw, quivering with jealousy, and white with anger, the face of Paul.

Neither of the three spoke for a few minutes ; the two on the balcony gazed as if thunderstruck at Paul's blazing eyes and defiant features, to which the bluish-white moonlight imparted an unearthly tint. Long afterwards they remembered that silent gaze, and heard, in memory, the strains which now in reality touched their ears, as the notes of Gervase's violin floated uncertainly over the water, melancholy, passionate and pleading.

" I am delighted to find you well enough to be still sitting up," said Paul at last, in a cold hard voice ; to which Alice replied that she was now quite recovered from her fatigue, and intended to wait up for the boating party's return. Edward then observed that it was extremely pleasant on the gallery, and that he was not sorry to have missed the row on the lake.

" I suppose not," returned Paul icily ; " there are few things more charming than to be on a balcony in the moonlight with congenial society."

" And charming music," added Alice, with a faint tinge of defiance ; " either Gervase is excelling himself, or the water and the distance combine to make his playing unusually good to-night."

" And the listener's mood doubtless," continued Paul, with a smile that was like the flash of a steel blade.

The wild notes of the violin came nearer and nearer ; Paul's passionate glance was riveted on Edward's face, which looked unusually handsome in its almost stern composure under the moon-rays, the beauty of the face maddened him ; in the hot jealousy which consumed his heart he hated Edward with a strong hatred that almost surpassed the passion of his love for Alice ; for one wild moment he was impelled to spring upon him, and hurl him backwards into the depths below.

Instead of which he returned to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Annesley, aroused from her evening doze by the three voices at the window, was now alert and observant, and began to chide Alice gently for sitting up so late, while her mind was severely exercised to account for the presence of the other two.

CHAPTER IV.

UNSPOKEN THOUGHTS.

On the day following this memorable evening, Mrs. Annesley's party had decided to make an excursion into the Jura mountains, where Gervase assured Alice she would find some new and delightful subjects for her sketch-book. He had but a brief time to spare for holiday-making, and not being very good at real mountain climbing, made a great point of their going into those green solitudes while he was still with them, thus leaving them to take the snow mountains after his departure. Alice, who was now quite at her ease with him, having assured herself that he had completely subdued his passing fancy for her, was loth to disappoint him, else she would have found an excuse for returning to England and thus saving herself and Paul the embarrassment of frequent meetings.

Mrs. Annesley, too, sought a pretext for breaking up the party, the harmony of which had been so fatally marred by her nephew's appearance ; she feared that a crisis had been reached during Paul's row with Alice on the afternoon of Edward's arrival, but had no certain knowledge to act upon ; she reflected, however, that Edward could as easily see Alice at home as upon this excursion, if he were minded to see her, and therefore came to the conclusion that things had better take their course. Edward went, partly for the pleasure of being with Alice, and partly because he was too proud to accept the part of a disappointed

suitors, and wished to cultivate friendly relations with Paul and his affianced wife. But he wondered that the engagement was not made public, and decided to put the question point-blank to Paul, considering that he had a right to know how matters stood.

Paul, however, held him at arm's length, and there was no opportunity of coming to an explanation before they started upon that ill-fated tour. Paul had taken a fancy to have some old family jewels reset for his mother in Switzerland in remembrance of this his first lengthy excursion with her, and was busy that morning in getting them from the jeweller's. When Mrs. Annesley saw them, she was so dismayed at the idea of travelling about with gems of such value in her possession, that she begged him to take them back to the jeweller, and let him keep them until their return to England.

He was a little vexed that she would not wear the brooch and ear-rings, at least in the evenings, and fought against her declaration that she would imperil neither her maid's life nor her own by carrying such valuables about; but at last, in the presence of the whole party, who had been admiring the ornaments, consented to take them back, and tossed the morocco case carelessly into his breast-pocket.

"I believe it is all superstition," he said; "you take the Annesley jewels for the Nibelungen Hoard. You forget that the family curse is attached to the land alone."

Then he went out into the town for the purpose, as every one supposed, of placing the packet in safety at the jeweller's. When he returned to the hotel he fell in with Gervase, who was sitting under the plane-trees by the waterside, studying some papers intently, and making rapid notes upon them.

Paul looked so earnestly upon his thoughtful face, before he withdrew in the intention of not disturbing him, that Rickman, who could see things with his eyes shut, and perceived that Paul wished to disburden his mind of something, threw his papers aside in pure charity, saying that he had finished making his notes.

"What a fellow you are," Paul said admiringly; "even in your holiday-time you get through half-a-dozen men's work!"

"I am no drone," replied Gervase, "but I like a little play too."

"Look here, Rickman," continued Paul, "you are very keen at detecting motives. Do you know why Edward Annesley joined us?"

"Yes," replied Gervase calmly, "he came to pay his addresses to Miss Lingard. He made up his mind to do so at Arden."

"Why then did he not communicate with her all this time?" he continued in his impetuous way.

"Did he not communicate with her?" replied Gervase innocently; "why should you suppose that?"

The suggestion was as sparks to tinder in Paul's jealous heart. Why, indeed, should he suppose that? He leapt at once to the conclusion that Edward had written. "He was on the gallery alone with her last night," he added, in such tragic accents as befitted one making an accusation of mortal sin.

"Was he? I thought that accident singularly opportune," returned Gervase, as if struck by a new idea. "On the gallery in the moonlight—ah! One can see that your cousin means business."

"Yet they never met till the spring. They know so little of each other," said Paul, looking gloomily at the sparkling water over which boats were flitting rapidly in the sunshine.

"These things are soon done. Besides, the very fact of their knowing so little of each other heightens the romance of the situation," continued Gervase, furtively studying Paul's tortured face from under his eyelashes, and then looking with an interested air at a vessel discharging its cargo a little distance off. "Boy and girl affairs seldom come to anything. The way to prevent two young people taking a fancy to each other is to throw them constantly together under the most prosaic circumstances, and let them get a thorough knowledge of each other's weaknesses. No man is a hero to his valet. Do you remember old Robinson, who used to live——"

"Oh, I know that story!" Paul interrupted impatiently. "You are a keen observer, Rickman, and when, may I ask, did you first observe that Edward, as you say, meant business, and what do you suppose are his chances of success?"

"I confess that I keep my eyes open in going through the world, Annesley. And I think your cousin has about as good a chance of success as anybody ever had. It's rather a pity. She ought to make a better match. Besides that, I doubt if he cares for her—I think I know whom he would have chosen but for golden reasons on the other side. Though, to be sure, these military men flirt right and left without the smallest regard to consequences."

"We thought Sibyl was the attraction——"

"So she was," replied Gervase abruptly. And he moved away, compressing his lips with annoyance, and calling Paul's attention to a quaintly rigged vessel passing by.

Paul at once fell in with his humour and changed the subject. He saw that Edward's suit was as distasteful to Gervase as to himself, though for different reasons. Gervase evidently thought that Sibyl had been trifled with, and in spite of what had passed between himself and his cousin in their interview in his garden at Medington, he began to wonder if the latter had indeed preferred Sibyl until he discovered the slenderness of her dower. It was improbable, but there is no improbability at which jealousy will not grasp.

Just then, as they were strolling back to the house, they fell in with Edward, who was going in the same direction with his sister. Paul looked on his cousin's handsome face, and heard his light-hearted laughter at some passing jest, and a deadly feeling took possession of him; the bright young face drew him with an intense fascination; he saw in its gaiety an evidence of triumph, an easy triumph which scarcely stirred a sense of endeavour; its beauty maddened him; a hot passion surged uncontrollably within him, the passion of a bitter hatred.

Just as Alice's mere presence had been wont to thrill him, Edward's thrilled him now; he could not be in the same room with either of them without an intense consciousness of their existence, without marking the slightest movement or most casual word of each, following every syllable and gesture of the one with passionate love, and of the other with an equally passionate hate.

All through the meal they took before setting out for the Jura, he watched them both with burning glances, equally attracted by both, his imagination lending intense meaning to the few casual remarks they exchanged in the course of the meal, and supplying words to the silences which fell upon the unconscious objects of his thoughts, neither of whom were in tune with the cheerful holiday air assumed or felt by the rest of the party.

Once Alice looked up and arrested one of Paul's fiery looks. A shade of vexation crossed her face, and she bit her lips as she turned her head and addressed some remark to Mrs. Annesley.

In the railway carriage there was a general tendency to

consult books and newspapers, and Mrs. Annesley composed herself in an attitude of dignified repose. By some chance or mischance, Paul found himself in the inner corner of the carriage with Eleanor, while Edward was at the other end by the open door, sitting next to Alice, and immediately opposite Mrs. Annesley. From behind his unread newspaper the jealous man continued to watch the objects of his different passions, brooding upon the pain which tore him inwardly until it reached a terrible pitch.

He recalled the day of Edward's arrival at Medington, and wished that day had never dawned. He remembered his own expansion of heart and the unusual confidences he had made to his cousin concerning his domestic misery, his poverty and his purposed marriage. How changed his life was since that day, what strange and unexpected good fortune had befallen him! and yet what would he not have given to be once more as he was then, the struggling, unsuccessful parish doctor, harassed with domestic troubles and money cares, but possessing the one golden hope of one day winning Alice! On that day he had heard of the first in the chain of deaths by which he had become a man of wealth and standing.

Death, he mused, is a thing upon which no one can reckon; framers of statistics may draw up imposing columns of figures, they may tell you to a nicety the percentage of deaths at this age and that, in this condition and that, from this cause and that; and yet when you leave the abstract of masses and come to the concrete of individual cases, all these calculations fail; Death is restored to his proper shape, as the most capricious as well as most terrible of tyrants, striking at random, missing where his shaft is apparently aimed, and sending his dart home in unexpected quarters. Had it been otherwise, had it been he instead of Reginald Annesley who was struck down in the flower of youth, it had been far better, he would have had rest from this bitter torment. Or why not Edward? Edward who, as a soldier, was equally liable with Reginald to be sent to savage places, and indulge in savage sports. His heart leapt at the thought of Edward's death; he was certain that but for his appearance at Arden he would have won Alice. He began thinking of the possibilities which still existed. They had been talking at luncheon of some recent difficult mountain ascents. Edward had waxed enthusiastic, and spoken about guides and ropes, and calculated what time he

should have after the Jura excursion for attempting some of the yet unscaled summits; and Mrs. Annesley had talked in Cassandra strain of the fatalities which marked the conquest of peak after peak, trying to cool his ardour. If he would but carry out his intention, a slight momentary giddiness, a flaw in a rope, an instant's failure of nerve, the loosening of a stone, one false step on the part of one of the travellers, not to mention the thousand chances and changes of weather, or the many possibilities of losing the way or mistaking the ever-changing landmarks—what a difference this might make!

Unconscious of these terrible thoughts, Edward sat silent by Alice, reading his English paper, and taking a melancholy pleasure in being at least near her, while she perused her book with an undercurrent memory of the romantic moments passed on the balcony the night before.

Presently the newspaper was laid aside; Edward folded his arms and gazed downwards in silent thought. Gervase was writing with a rapid pencil. Sibyl looked up from the Tasso she carried about with her, and said something to Eleanor, who was deep in a novel. Eleanor laughed, and pointed warningly to her aunt, whose slumbers were now deep. Alice looked up and smiled at the two girls; Paul continued to gaze as if fascinated at Edward, who had not stirred, and to wonder what his thoughts were.

Edward's downward glance rested on the folds of Alice's dress, which swept his feet. He was thinking, as Paul surmised, of her, picturing her at Gledesworth, the head of a great household, moving through the long suites of stately rooms with a gentle grace, courted by the local notables, honoured by those beneath her, cheering and blessing the sorrowful and the poor; charming all. He saw her at the head of Paul's table, Paul sitting opposite, matching her winning grace with his courtly ease; he saw them surrounded with guests great and small; he saw them alone with intimate friends—himself, he hoped, amongst them—by the winter hearth, or beneath the great elms and mighty oaks of their lovely demesne in the summer sunlight. She was made for a life so full of leisure and dignity, he wondered that he could ever have dreamed of asking her to share his lowlier lot—how well she would fill every place her wealth and station would assign her, whether charming great people in brilliant assemblies, or dispensing kindness in poor cottages!—everywhere she must be loved and honoured, espe-

cially by him, and would she perhaps have a kind place in her heart for Paul's cousin and friend? Would the shadow of his aunt's fiery nature fall across her home? Would her children—he saw them clinging about her, large-eyed, round-faced—would they inherit the only authentic family curse? Or would the wholesome sweetness of her nature prevail over the fiercer strain? He stirred uneasily; something slipped from Alice's pocket to the ground as she took out her handkerchief. He picked up her purse, and restored it with a laughing comment on her carelessness, and Paul thought they lingered over the exchange so that their hands might touch; but it was not so—the purse was given and taken too daintily for that.

"Why did we not bring some fruit?" sighed Sibyl, petulantly. "I *am* so thirsty this hot afternoon!"

"I will get you some at the next halt," Edward replied, and, despite a warning from Gervase that there was no time, he sprang out the moment the train stopped, and made for the *buffet*, leaving his friends to speculate on the extreme improbability of his return before they moved on.

The blue-bloused porters leisurely removed a trunk or two; the guard shut the doors with a nonchalant air, and made observations with the aid of his fingers and shoulders to a friend; the time went on; the engine panted impatiently. It suddenly occurred to the guard that it was getting late; he exchanged one last remark with his friend, laughing, gave the signal to start with a pre-occupied air, and the train steamed slowly out of the little station, followed by a parting jest from the *chef de gare*, who lounged, wide-trousered and majestic, across the platform; and then only did Edward return from his foraging expedition, and dash madly after the moving train with the intention of boarding it.

"Hi! holà!" cried the indignant *chef de gare*, roused to a slight interest in railway matters by this glaring infraction of rules. But Edward dashed over the rails, upsetting a blue bloused porter, who feebly attempted to detain him, and, gaining the foot-board, made for his own carriage, followed by official execrations on the English and all their mad ways. In the meantime the speed had increased, they were approaching a tunnel, the door stuck, and, on opening with a burst at last, detached Edward from his foothold, so that he fell, clutching at the rail with one hand, and hanging thus for one dreadful moment, during which Paul endured a life-time of emotion. His terrible wish

was being fulfilled before his eyes ; he saw the man he hated actually hurled off to destruction, and turned sick with horror. He was too far off to help him, but he moved down towards the door in the instinctive attempt to save him, scarcely knowing what he did, and in the meantime Gervase, reaching over Alice, had caught Edward by the collar, and dragged him in before he had time even to know that Alice's hands were attempting the same kind office with Gervase's.

"Thank you, Rickman," Edward said, composedly taking his seat. "I am afraid I stepped on your dress, Miss Lingard. Nothing but these mulberries to be had, Miss Rickman."

"The next time you commit suicide, Edward," said Mrs. Annesley, severely, "have the goodness not to do it in my presence."

"Or mine, you tiresome, good-for-nothing fellow!" sobbed Eleanor. "I wish you had been killed—it would have served you right, that it would!"

"Sorry to have frightened you, my dear aunt. It was the door sticking that upset me. But it was not far to fall," he apologized. "Nell, if you make such an idiot of yourself—I'll, I don't know what I won't do to you."

"Give her some mulberries," suggested the practical Gervase ; upon which Eleanor began to dry her eyes, and console herself with the dearly-purchased fruit ; tranquillity was restored, and the conversation fell upon the merits of mulberries.

Paul was very thankful when he saw his cousin hauled in scathless. In those few moments of peril he had some inkling of what it might be to have a fellow-creature's life upon one's conscience. Then he looked at Alice, and saw that she was very pale, and made no contribution to the conversation. At that sight the fierce tide of hate surged back into his heart, and he wished that Edward were lying dead in the dark tunnel through which they had glided immediately on his rescue.

Edward, too, observed Alice's pallor, and reproached himself for having given her a shock by his fool-hardiness. The thought came to him like balm, that if he had been killed there and then she might have shed a kindly tear over him. She had a heart full of pity, he knew ; he remembered her trouble about the consumptive Reuben Gale, and bethought him to ask her if they had given his plan of entering the army any further consideration.

"That would never have done," Alice replied. "But I am quite happy about Reuben now. Your cousin has procured him

a situation with Mrs. Reginald Annesley, who is to winter in Algeria. Reuben will be with her there."

"Of course," he thought within himself, "Paul does everything for her now. She wants no other friend. But the day may come—Well, I am a fool! but I will at least enjoy these few days with her!" And he went on talking about the Gales, and heard that Ellen did not like to see the new doctor, and that Paul still visited her, and meant to do so till the end.

It was very pleasant, in spite of the bitter of Paul's success. The stations passed too quickly by; the great white peaks were left behind, the country became greener and greener, the vineyards had vanished, great solemn pine-woods brooded darkly upon the hill slopes, the farmsteads and villages had steeper roofs and straighter outlines; tillage became scarcer, the cowbells tinkled musically in the distance, the tunnels were fewer, and the country more thinly populated; they were in the heart of the Jura, and the journey was coming to an end with its sweet companionship. Edward would have liked to travel on thus by Alice's side, silent himself, but within sound of her voice, between the green mountain-walls, by the rushing streams and shadowy pine-woods, for ever and ever. Perhaps they might never travel thus side by side again. Perhaps it would be better so. The enchantment was too strong; it ought to be broken. He had his life to live, and its duties to fulfil. Some day, no doubt, he would find a wife for himself—and here some vague thought of Sibyl flitted through his brain—and all the usual home-ties; but it would not do to go on dreaming over what was now another's right. One day more, only one, and then, having heard decidedly from Paul's own lips what their relations really were, he would congratulate them and withdraw from the perilous fascination till time had hardened him against it.

Paul, too, was purposing to withdraw after one day more, one day in which in despair he would try a last appeal—not to Alice this time, but to Edward. All that was manly, and all that was in the best sense gentle in him rose up against his own behaviour in remaining with Alice after what had passed in the boat; but something stronger than the instincts of a gentleman held him, to his own shame and inward contempt.

The bitter-sweet journey came to an end at last. The train slackened and drew up by a little wayside station above a bleak steep-roofed village. Edward stepped out into the sunshine of the golden evening and handed Alice down. Mrs. Annesley drew

in her skirts, and waited till the others were out and her maid had arrived for orders; and then, the luggage having been claimed, they wound slowly down through the echoing empty street, to the vast barrack of a hotel, which seemed to Edward's troubled imagination to claim previous acquaintance with him, though he could never have seen it unless in dreams.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT THE PINES SANG.

The tall pine-trees stood dreaming in the balmy quiet of the autumn afternoon; the ruddy gold sunbeams, brooding upon the vast green roof, found an entrance here and there, and shot through many a tiny aperture in long tremulous shafts of powdery light, which blunted themselves here and there against the solid red trunks of the pines, kindling them into dull fire with their touch; they shattered themselves into scales of paler light elsewhere among the dark boughs, and descended softly, their colour faded away into a dim grey memory of former splendour, upon the thick noiseless carpet of fir-needles, where few things grew save occasional straggling brambles with more leaves than fruit.

The low deep murmur which is never wholly hushed in a pine-wood, even at the stillest seasons, rose fitfully in soft swells of plaintive remonstrance or half-chiding caress, and died away into a silence broken again by some fuller tone of deeper meaning, hinting vaguely of epic grandeur, the unrevealed glory of which moaned itself gradually into a yet more mystic stillness, only to wake again and again, and cast an unspeakably soothing charm upon the solitary rambler among those grand and gloomy aisles.

Yet the afternoon was so calm that no breath appeared to wake that exquisite wind-music. The lofty pines stood motionless, the blue-green mass of their meeting tops showing dark and still against the pale, tranquil heaven, when the eye caught them sideways on the slope, dark and still against the green mountain-side on which they lay like a mantle, when they were seen from below. A subtle stimulating fragrance floated through those shadowy aisles; the distant melody of cow-bells from the breezy pastures came half-hushed to lose itself in the dim

stillness ; the pigeons' half-querulous, half-contented murmur, the cracking of a twig, the rustle of some shy animal among the leaves occasionally ruffled the surface of the august silence which spreads like a deep calm lake through such woodland solitudes.

Alice passed slowly along beneath the vast vibrating roof, awed and refreshed by the deep calm, her heart awake to the lightest beating of the mighty pulses of Nature, as hearts are when strongly touched, wondering what the faint fairy music of the pine tops meant, now swayed as if by the far-off passion of some boding sorrow, now stirred by the mystic beauty of some unutterable joy. Is there any sympathy between the great heart of Nature, whence we all draw our being, and the throbbing human lives into which the vague music of its voices is poured ? Did the pine melody mourn or exult over her, or rather give out some strong tones of comfort and healing ? Many things those aged trees had seen while standing there in tempest and sunshine—children frolicking beneath them ; merry parties of holiday-makers passing through in noon-day stillness and moonlit calm ; lovers doubtless, generations of them, strolling there apart from the village folk below ; tragedies, perhaps, dark deeds never divulged to the eye or ear of man. Did the echoes and memories of these things start up and entangle themselves in the intricate mazes which formed the living roof above her ? As she strolled on, the shadows broke and the trunks lessened in the growing light, till the last colonnade stood dark against the blue sky. Was that the rush of water stealing gently on the ear ? There, where the wood ended, as she knew, the green river ran down from its mountain bed, deep and swift between precipitous cliffs of rock, the river Doubs, dividing Switzerland from France.

The rest of the party had gone to spend the day at the Saut du Doubs in the mountain height above, passing along through the wood and by the cliff-walled river. Alice, still tired from her last mountain climb, had remained in the village to bear Mrs. Annesley company, and had now left her quiet with her desk and books, to meet the others on their homeward way.

She had set out full early, and therefore loitered, not wishing to walk too far. It was the last time, she reflected with pleasure, that she should meet Paul. He had, on arriving at Bourget the night before, announced that he had but one more day to spend in Switzerland, because affairs required his return home. It

pained her that he had shown so little consideration and good taste as to remain with them after what had passed in the boat, when she gave him that distinct and final refusal, and he, in his passion, charged her with loving his cousin, a charge met by an indignant silence which confirmed his suspicions. His conduct in thus taking her by surprise, and almost obliging her to go in the boat alone with him, had distressed her beyond measure; she could never again feel the old warm friendship for him; he had fallen too deeply. She saw that his passion overpowered him, and swept on beyond his control over everything, bearing him helpless as a child on its flood. That was his great fault; it neutralized all his virtues, and earned her contemptuous pity. She was glad that he had at least come to his senses to the extent of seeing that he ought now to leave her; she was glad that his mother did not know what had passed, and she lavished unusual tenderness upon her that day, to make up for the closer affection she could never give her a right to claim, a tenderness which misled Mrs. Annesley, who did not think that Paul's quiet and matter-of-fact announcement of his intended return to England could result from a disappointment, but conjectured it to mean rather success, and to mark a considerate wish to spare Alice the public announcement of their engagement.

Strong in her own perfect self-mastery, Alice, who was young and had not learnt to bear pitifully with human weakness, felt little tenderness for Paul's. Self-control, she mused, as she strolled in the majestic peace of the forest stillness, is one of the most essential qualities in character; no virtue is of any avail without it; the world belongs, as Gervase so frequently observed and illustrated by his example, to the man who knows how to keep still when the house is on fire.

Gervase had resigned her like a gentleman, in spite of those masterful words of his on Arden down, words which still rang in the ears of her memory from time to time; why could not Paul? He had much, he might surely do without the love of one poor girl. Many a woman would be proud to accept him; many a woman loved these passion-swayed natures, and found a way to control them; he might let her go in peace.

A pigeon fluttered out above her head; she heard its pinions clatter as it darted away into the peaceful sunlight above the river; she thought she heard confused voices and a cry, and listened intently. Was it the gipsy party returning, or was it

the wail of a plover? She could distinguish nothing but the tinkle of a cow-bell fitfully wandering, and far off the faint echo of a peasant's song.

How beautiful the world is, and what a divine peace there is in Nature! she mused, feeling, young though she was, a little weary with the passions of men, and longing with the universal longing of the human heart for "something afar from the sphere of our sorrow," yet always hoping to find it there in that very sphere. A mighty peace fell from the calm heaven through the dim murmuring aisles into her heart, and refreshed it, like the manna which descended unseen in the midnight silence of old, and refreshed the hungering wanderers in the desert. She was in one of those rare and exalted moods in which our mortality falls from us like a cast-off robe; when the present suffices, the past no longer burdens us and the future casts no shadows upon us, but the soul breathes freely in the quiet. No troublous influence touched her, nothing jarred the sweet calm; she did not dream that the balmy air of that still place was yet vibrating with the strong conflict of a soul in agony, overmastered by a jealousy and hatred of which she was the innocent cause. Nature stands so serenely aloof from the passions of men, that nothing human can sully her proud purity: she neither smiles nor weeps, nor does she quiver in hot anger, responsive to the joy, the sorrow, or the wrath of the frail creatures who fret out their little hour beneath her broad glance. Else some shadow would have fallen upon her clear spirit from the scene enacted shortly before, almost within sight of those solemn pines.

The excursion to the source of the river had not been a great success; the three men were more or less pre-occupied, Sibyl was unusually grave, and devoted herself chiefly to beguiling Paul of his melancholy, while Gervase tried with some success to throw her and Edward together; only Eleanor appeared quite at ease.

When they had emptied the provision baskets at the picturesque cascade which foams down the live rock, the cradle of the frontier river, Paul left the group to go and buy fruit at a chalet hard by, and Edward followed him.

Paul was glad when he saw him coming; he had been wishing all the morning for the explanation he had at first avoided; he faced about at sight of him, but could not meet him pleasantly.

"Well!" he said abruptly, the memory of all the unintentional wrong Edward had ever done him rushing over him as he spoke; the school-boy rivalries, the precedence Edward had always taken

of him in the liking of strangers, his invariable better fortune till the last few months, and above all his sudden intrusion in the Arden dovecot, and his immediate success where he himself had sued vainly for years. Even his cousin's sweeter, calmer temper and his manly self-control were a cause of dislike ; the very forbearance that Edward had shown in leaving the field clear to him for three months, embittered his heart against him ; he could not help hating him for being the better man, and so justifying Alice's preference. He had brooded so long over his jealous dislike that all the finer elements of his nature were suppressed, the affection natural to him was quenched, the old habit of brotherhood broken ; what formerly strengthened his friendship now fed his dislike. He was the true descendant of that man who had lain awake at night for six mortal weeks, putting a keen edge to the cutting phrases of one wounding letter. "Well !" he said, with a slight defiant movement of the head.

"Am I to congratulate you ?" asked Edward.

"No. And you know it," he replied with biting emphasis. "But for your sudden appearance here I should have won her in time."

Light leapt into Edward's eyes ; his colour deepened ; it seemed to the embittered fancy of the other that he wore a look of subdued but insolent triumph. "My coming can have made no difference. If you did not win her in four months you would not in five," he replied.

"Look here, Paul," Edward added, after some moments of uncomfortable silence, "you may not believe it, but I am awfully sorry."

"It is possible that I may not believe it, my good fellow," Paul said with bitter sarcasm. "Allow *me* to congratulate *you*," he added.

"I quite thought you were engaged ; everybody here believes it, and upon my honour—I was—not exactly glad—but pleased that you were the winner, since I had to be out of the running."

"I admire your magnanimity, my dear cousin," thought Paul ; "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to help you out of a world for which you are too virtuous."

He did not say precisely this, but when he spoke, the sound of his voice carried him beyond himself, and the pent-up torrent of jealousy and rage burst madly forth. Edward was so sur-

prised by this exhibition, which was a revelation to him, that he listened in silent disgust, distinguishing and remembering nothing clearly beyond some wild hint of killing whoever should marry Alice, at which he smiled forbearingly ; the most irritating thing he could do.

After some vain attempts, as well-meaning as they were fruitless, to bring Paul to a more rational condition, Edward gave up.

"I only irritate him in this mood, whatever I can say," he reflected, turning to leave him, stung into a contemptuous dislike for Paul, which was clearly expressed in his face.

"Stop!" cried Paul, with a sudden change of manner ; but Edward refused to stop. He saw that Paul was too sore to be reasonable, and knew that nothing but a quarrel could result from further parleying ; silently swallowing his wrath, he therefore retraced his steps and went back to the waterfall, near which the others were grouped, listening to the music of the rushing water, as it leapt foaming down the rocks in a double fall.

Paul strode some paces after him and then stopped, execrating the lack of self-control which had led him to use wild and foolish words and make himself generally ridiculous. The fact that his fury had betrayed him into the threat of killing his successful rival put a keener edge on his hate. No one is so detestable as the man who has seen us in an undignified position. And Paul Annesley was as proud a man as ever breathed ; it was wounded pride which most fiercely barbed the arrow of his rejected love. Therefore the fury of his hate and love and jealousy grew in that solitary place till it bid fair to stifle him, and it was some time before he could sufficiently compose himself outwardly to go back to the halting place.

Soon after he had joined them, the walking-party began to move away from the spring, when Eleanor, who had twisted her ankle before they sat down to their meal, found that she could not stand on the injured foot, and it was decided that she must be carried down to the village, which was some miles distant. Her brother, therefore, set off at once in search of some means of conveying her back to the village, and he had not long started before Paul followed him, saying nothing of his reason for leaving the rest of the party.

Sibyl and Gervase never forgot the impression his departing figure made upon them, as he disappeared gradually down the steep path, till his face was finally lost to view. He walked

with bent head and moody face like one impelled by some inward force, wholly absorbed in troubled thought and dead to all external things.

"Paul is so desperately glum to-day that it is a real relief to get rid of him for a time," Sibyl observed. "Or is that the professional air, the gravity of the leech, Gervase, do you suppose?"

"If Paul is glum, Edward is grimness incarnate," added Eleanor, pettishly; "they do nothing but scowl at each other. It is no pleasure to be with such a pair. Have they quarrelled?"

Gervase recommended Sibyl not to talk, but take a book and let Eleanor, who was lying in the shade upon a shawl, get a chance of going to sleep, and himself smoked thoughtfully and silently for some twenty minutes. Then he told Sibyl that he would walk back to the village and see if he could help Edward in his search for some means of carrying his sister. "If all fails, we three can carry Nellie comfortably in an arm-chair," he said. "I suppose Paul will be back in a minute; if not, the chalet is close at hand, Sibyl, remember."

Alice in the meantime had ascended as far as she cared to go, and was waiting beneath a cluster of firs, where she found a seat upon some faggots by a tree. She sat wrapped in a dreamy peace, with a book unread on her knee, listening to the faint undertones which murmured beneath the afternoon stillness—the hum of a bee, the fitful music in the pines, the cracking of a dead branch—until the warmth, stillness and solitude imperceptibly soothed away her senses and weighed her eyelids down over her charmed eyes, and thoughts and images blended fantastically in her brain on the dim borders of dreamland. Then a voice stole upon her dream, the familiar voice of Gervase, saying she knew not what, but using incisive and resolute tones; another replied more earnestly still, a voice that stirred the deepest currents of her being, and she awoke, slowly opening her sleep-hazed eyes until the tree-trunks in front of her shaped themselves clearly upon her vision, and the blank spaces between them were filled and then vacated by the two passing figures.

"Yes," said the voice of Gervase, before the figures came into view, "I will keep that part of the business dark, I promise you that faithfully; one is not bound to reveal the whole. It would only cause needless suffering."

"Especially to *her*," returned Edward's voice; "they will naturally suppose I was not present—oh! above all *she* must never know."

"No; Alice must never know. You may rely upon me——" He stopped short, dismayed, for by this time they had come full into Alice's field of vision, passing outside the fir-trees. She was facing the opposite direction to that whence they came, and was screened from their view by the tree-trunk behind her until they had almost passed her, when Gervase's ever-watchful eyes caught the gleam of her light dress upon the needle-strewn ground.

"Why, Alice," he added, quickly recovering his self-possession; "are you alone?"

"Yes; I have been waiting," she replied. "Where are the others? What is the matter? Oh! Mr. Annesley, are you ill?"

Edward's face was of an ashen hue, his lips quivered, his eyes shone with unnatural light; he looked at Alice with a sort of horror, as if she had been a spectre. Then he and Gervase regarded each other enquiringly for some moments, saying nothing.

This silence, so full of meaning, prepared Alice for evil tidings, although she was conscious of no thought while it lasted beyond a weak childish wonder that Edward should be wearing Paul's hat, a triviality that she communicated to no one at the time, though it recurred to her afterwards. She knew the hat by a piece of *edelweiss* in the band, which alone distinguished it from that worn in the morning by the other cousin.

"There is much the matter, Alice," replied Gervase at last, in grave measured tones. "There has been an accident."

Alice began to tremble; she had risen from her seat upon their approach, and now stayed herself against the trunk of a tree.

"Be calm, dear," said Gervase, laying his hand with soothing and magnetic effect upon her arm; "you must try to control yourself for the sake of his mother."

"It is Paul," Alice replied faintly; "is he much hurt?"

"He is dead—dead!" cried Edward, with an agitation he could not control

"Oh! no," exclaimed Alice, "not dead, it is not true. Paul cannot be dead; it is not true."

A deep hard sob escaped from Edward.

"It is too true," continued Gervase in quiet, even tones which calmed her; "he slipped on the cliff's edge, poor fellow, up

beyond there where the path is narrow. He fell into the river, and his body was quickly swept away by the current."

His body! Alice turned sick and tried to grasp the fact that the man she had seen that morning all aglow with passion and life in the fulness of his youth, was lying quiet in the rushing waters below, hushed and silent for ever; all the storm and stress of his blighted hopes and vain love swallowed up and stilled in the green waters flowing so tranquilly by in the sweet sunshine.

"Oh! Paul! Paul!" she sobbed in sudden remorseful agony. "Oh! if I had but known!"

"Hush!" said Gervase, in the tones that had such magnetic power over her. "It is no use to give way. Some one must break it to Mrs. Annesley."

Alice scarcely distinguished the sense of his words, though his voice calmed her. That strange avenger, Death, had so stirred the depths of pity and regret within her into the semblance of the remorse which he never fails to call up for the torture of the survivors, that she could only yearn vainly for the lost opportunity of saying one kind word to the man who had loved her so strongly and truly, though so wildly and selfishly, and remember that her last words to him had been words of reproach. The friendship of years awoke within her, and called up a thousand gentle happy memories of the friend whose life she had unwittingly marred, it obliterated all the harsher features of his character and accused her of needless severity to the dead. Why had she refused him? She might have grown to him and loved him, if she had tried, she thought in the first overpowering rush of pity and sorrow.

"I will tell Mrs. Annesley," she said at last, choking back the passion which surged up within her. "And you, Mr. Annesley," she added, turning to Edward, who had been looking on in speechless anguish, apparently unobserved by her, "you are her nearest kinsman—you will take her son's place—will you not come with me?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Edward; "I am the last person she will wish to see."

Gervase perceived that each took the other's words in a sense different from that intended by the speaker, and smiled a subtle smile as he replied, "Annesley is right. I will tell her all myself later. Go and break what you know gently to her, Alice. I, in the meantime, must communicate with the authorities. You, Annesley, must return to your sister and Sibyl, who are left

alone all this time. You and Stratfield"—Paul's servant—"might contrive a litter for her between you, in default of anything better."

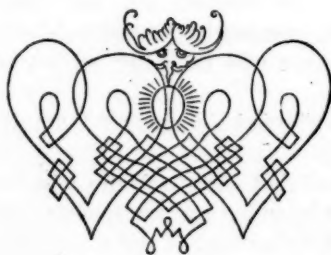
His clear incisive words told on his listeners as they never failed to do, bringing them to themselves and giving them the distinct motives their agitation prevented them from seizing by themselves, and straightway they carried out his suggestions as best they could.

Alice passed an hour with the bereaved mother, on whom the shock produced a stupefying effect which merged in an utter prostration. She was roused from this seeming stupor some hours later by the announcement that Gervase Rickman was ready to give her what details he could of her son's death. After a long interview with him she was asked if she would like to see her nephew, and replied in the affirmative.

Edward, therefore, entered her presence, calm and composed outwardly, but quivering with inward emotion. He tried to speak, but his lips refused utterance when he looked upon the suddenly aged and worn face before him. Mrs. Annesley was dry-eyed and apparently calm; she rose from her seat upon his entrance, and gazed steadily and sternly with glittering eyes upon him; then she spoke in the deep and tragic tones she could command upon occasion:

"Where is my son, Edward Annesley?" she asked; "what have you done with my only son?"

(To be continued.)



Englishmen and Arabs in East Africa.



WHEN I started for Zanzibar eleven years ago, very little of Central Africa was known to the general public. True, Livingstone had already given *the* great impetus to African exploration. Speke, Burton, Cameron and others had returned from the interior with further information ; Stanley was at the time engaged in his long march across the Continent, his fate being still involved in mystery ; but it is since then that the persevering energy of explorers, missionaries, and traders has turned the eyes of Europe towards the great central plateau so lately unknown to all save the Arab slave-trader. The European earth-hunger had not yet developed itself, but already British enterprise had conceived the idea of opening up this region to civilization and commerce. With this end in view, William Mackinnon, Sir Fowell Buxton, and others commenced the construction of a road between Dar-es-Salam, a little to the south of Zanzibar, and the north end of Lake Nyassa. As volunteers on this road, my brother and I began our African experience. Government difficulties prevented the completion of this scheme at the time, but far from being disheartened by failure, these same gentlemen have now formed the Imperial British East African Company, which, in spite of present complications, can hardly fail to prove a powerful factor in the great work of Africa's development.

In 1878 my brother and I returned to Africa as managers of the African Lakes Company, a trading Company formed to reach the interior by the great water-way of the Zambesi and Shiré rivers and Lake Nyassa.

In the olden days communication on the rivers was carried on by canoe, and though doubtless remarkably picturesque and interesting to read about, canoe travelling is neither comfortable

nor healthy. The canoes on the Zambesi are particularly well constructed, being made from a single tree hollowed out by fire and cutting, till the sides are beautifully smooth and thin. They have a little platform at the bow and stern. On the forward one stands a stalwart savage, clad in the scant costume of the country, furnished with a pole, twelve feet long, which he uses to keep his canoe clear of banks, snags, &c., and also to punt it up-stream. On the after platform sits the steersman, with a short broad paddle directing and steadying the craft. Just in front of him are the paddlers in pairs, two, four, or six in number, according to the size of the canoe, who from long custom keep exact time, and send it along at a good pace and with wonderful steadiness. Between the paddlers and the bowman is the place for cargo and passengers. This space is covered with a curved, thatched roof, and the forward part being raised on sticks or reeds, becomes the first-class saloon for the white man. But in the overpowering heat to sit thus day after day in cramped posture, seeing only the tall reeds which fringe the banks, hearing only the splash of the paddles and the weird chant of the paddlers, becomes, ere long, oppressively monotonous. Such close proximity to the level of the water is very far from healthy; but perhaps what after all most conduces to fever, is annoyance at the stupidity and laziness of the paddlers, who never apparently master the difficulties of navigation, and from lack of a little additional effort at the critical moment, are continually being driven back by the current. In the higher reaches of the river there is certainly a good spice of danger from the many hippopotami which infest the big pools. That hippos are dangerous I can testify from personal experience, as on one occasion a bull having crunched and upset our boat, a friend and myself lost all our goods and narrowly escaped with our lives.

It was evident, that if Europeans were to reach the higher lands in safety, every effort should be made to accelerate the passage across the fever belt, or lowland, which fringes the whole coast of Tropical Africa. Towards this end our Company in 1878 sent out a small light-draft river steamer for the Zambesi and Lower Shiré.* From Katunga's, on the latter river, a walk of a dozen miles takes the passenger on to the Shiré Highlands.

* During the last two years our increasing business has rendered necessary much larger steamers, which have accordingly been supplied both for the river and the Lake.

Katunga's is the highest station of the steamer, because, as is the case with so many of the African rivers, the Shiré is here broken by a series of falls, named by Livingstone the "Murchison Cataracts." This necessitates a portorage of seventy miles, and a road has been made from Katunga's over the Shiré Highlands to Matope, situated on the plain above the Cataracts. From this point the steamer 'Ilala' navigates the Upper Shiré and Lake Nyassa.

On the high land, halfway between Katunga's and Matope, and about a mile from Blantyre is situated the Company's head station of Mandala. Here the climate is pleasant and by no means unhealthy, and though there is not absolute immunity from African fever, with home comforts and medical aid it is not so serious as elsewhere. This locality has become quite a sanatorium, and many people who come from the plains looking feverish and ill, leave us again after a few weeks' rest, refreshed and invigorated. Blantyre Mission Station, with its hospitable houses and tastefully laid-out flower-gardens, reminds one of home mid the wilds of Central Africa, while the shady verandas, tall blue gum trees, luxurious vegetation and swarthy natives, do not let us forget we are still in the tropics.

Forty miles off the main road, at Zomba, the British Consulate has been built, near the sugar and coffee plantations of Buchanan Brothers; and near Lake Shirwa there are one or two branch stations from Blantyre. On the Shiré Highlands there is thus a fairly large British community, while further inland, on Lake Nyassa, there are five stations belonging to the Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church of Scotland, also one of the chief stations of the Universities Mission which has a steamer and boats on the lake. The African Lakes Company have several regular posts of call, at the most northern of which is their station Karonga's, whence the Stevenson Road starts for Tanganyika. Further inland, near the Tanganyika end of this road, is the station of Fwambo, belonging to the London Missionary Society.

Of all European nations, Britain only has claims in this district; Livingstone discovered it, British subjects alone have settled in it, a very large amount of British capital has been expended upon it, and further, many African chiefs along the route have made treaties with the African Lakes Company.

As is well known, Portugal wishes to annex the Lake region. Many might say, "Why not?" but those on the spot know too

well that this would mean constant disturbances with the natives, and the Portuguese government of the coast is not such as to lead one to hail it as a blessing. The British Government has refused to recognize Portugal's claim beyond the river Ruu, but to prevent their advance it is of the utmost importance that the Nyassa region should be declared a "Sphere of British Influence." This would certainly meet with the approval of the great majority of the natives, with whom we have all along maintained the most cordial relations.

Reports say that in the Congo district, when a station is formed, the natives remove to a distance; that on the road past the Cataracts where villages were frequent, provisions cannot now be had within thirty miles. Our experience has been very different. Wherever we have a strong station, our difficulty is to prevent the people (freemen, not slaves) from settling around us in too great numbers, and neighbouring districts, which had long remained desolate from fear of tribal war-raids, have again been inhabited. I do not mean that there have been no difficulties with the surrounding tribes, but when these have occurred, we have always been able to settle them peacefully. Unfailing patience is the secret of success in dealing with the African. Much time must be spent in settling disputes often of the most trifling description; but such time is not wasted, the confidence of the natives is gained, either party invariably accepting the decision as final. In the conduct of expeditions, discipline cannot at first be very strictly enforced; but once the negro realizes that the white man is working for his good, punishment may be inflicted on the disobedient, the friends of the culprit concurring in its justice.

The natives of the Lake region are as a rule wanting in courage; some tribes, however, are born warriors and tyrannize over their neighbours. A force drawn from these tribes would prove very efficient, if thoroughly drilled and ably commanded by Europeans. Our station natives, so far as I know, without exception, behaved bravely during the late war. For instance, during the siege of Karonga's, which I shall describe further on, in order to put a stop to the galling cross-fire kept up by the Arabs, it was determined to burn down an old store, eighty yards distant, of which they had taken possession. Covered by a heavy fire from the fort, two of our boys sallied out in the face of the enemy, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which occupied some time, succeeded in setting fire to the

thatch. Surely much could be accomplished by men of this mettle.

Of late so much attention has been drawn to the Arab of Central Africa, that a few particulars in regard to him may not prove uninteresting. The so-called "Arabs," may be divided into three classes:—the true Arab, the Mswahili (plural Waswahili), and lastly, any wild up-country native who may have willingly or unwillingly joined the Moslem caravan, particularly if he can sport a garment and tie a dirty piece of calico round his head by way of turban. The first is the pure-blooded Arab of Arabia, he generally comes from Muscat. The Zanzibar coast has been connected with Southern Arabia from the earliest historic times. Two immigrations of Persians are also recorded, the last about 1000 A.D. These Arabs and Persians intermarried with the natives, and their descendant is the Mswahili of the Zanzibar coast. The Waswahili are useful, in that they are willing to undertake long journeys. Considering themselves vastly superior to the Washenzi, or wild-men, who are the best porters from Zanzibar, they are to a certain extent capable of leading, and are valuable as headmen over a caravan. On the other hand they have inherited the worst features of the Arab race, treachery and cunning, while they are lazy as the aboriginal African and delight in cruelty to man and beast.

An Arab caravan leaving for the interior would usually consist of one or two white Arabs, accompanied by half-a-dozen relatives of darker blood; a number of Waswahili of the better class to act as guards, headmen, artisans, &c., and a rabble of porters, consisting of the lower Waswahili, often personal slaves of the Arabs; and frequently a contingent of up-country natives returning home, preferably Wanyamwezi, who are excellent carriers. They take with them the usual barter goods, with a large proportion of guns and powder; but the success of the expedition depends too often on their savage warriors. Arrived up country, they seem to have several methods of procedure. Should ivory offer in the country of a powerful chief, they have perforce to purchase in the ordinary way; but it pays them much better to go further afield among smaller tribes, where firearms are unknown. Here, should they consider themselves strong enough, the usual murderous raid upon peaceful villages, the horrors of which have been so often described, begins at once; should their force seem insufficient, the end is as certain but the destruction is delayed. There is generally some discontented

brother or cousin of the chief, ready to welcome any opportunity of obtaining the supreme power, in which case, he and his followers are supplied with the arms and ammunition bought for this purpose from the coast, and civil war begins. Whichever side wins, the Arab is the gainer, filling his slave-sticks with the unfortunate captives.

There is yet another method of securing many slaves and much ivory, an instance of which came under my notice some years ago. At the south end of Tanganyika I met the great Arab Kabunda, who had for eight or ten years been established in the valley of the Lofu. His village, some five or six miles from the Lake, was a picture of peace and fertility. A stream had been turned from its course to irrigate the gardens, so that even when the surrounding plains were parched and yellow, this formed a little oasis in the desert: groves of bananas afforded a friendly shade, while fields of rice, maize, millet, and sweet potatoes gave pleasing promise of plenty to the hungry traveller. And not only in the Arab camp did prosperity reign, but the whole valley was dotted with tranquil and smiling villages. True, even then I had passed over a track of ninety miles of desolation, finding only blackened stockades and bleaching bones, where Livingstone and other Europeans had received kindly hospitality from friendly natives. The Arab, while ostensibly maintaining the most cordial relations with the people of the valley, had sent out his men to collect slaves and ivory from the surrounding tribes. At last, having secured what he considered a sufficient supply of ivory, and wishing to transport it to Zanzibar, Kabunda suddenly threw aside his mask of friendship, and with or without pretence of quarrel, surrounded the villages and seized as slaves the whole population of men, women and children. The man who was guilty of this dark deed of cruelty and treachery was no untutored savage, but a dignified and cultured Arab, full of courtesy in his dealings with Europeans. Although his caravan numbered three thousand, including four hundred wild warriors to protect his goods and procure supplies, we being only fifteen, on our visiting him, he erected a booth for our reception, and hospitably entertained us with the best food at his command.

This is no isolated case. Lieutenant Wiessmann, on his second journey across Africa, spent a few days with us at Mandala, and his accounts of Arab cruelty on the Congo were even more horrible than those I have related. In a letter received this mail from my brother, he tells of an Arab, who,

being in want of a night's lodging, demanded of a small chief his house and his wife. This being refused, the cowardly ruffian unhesitatingly shot the native dead.

When we went out in 1878, slaving was as much as possible hidden from British missionaries and traders; but for some years past it has been carried on openly and ostentatiously in the Nyassa region, a dhow full of slaves on one occasion being rowed in broad daylight under the bows of our steamer. But the latest and most marked expression of the slave-traders' growing contempt for the Europeans was their attack on our station of Karonga's at the north end of the Lake, which, had it succeeded, would have been the death-blow to British influence and work on Lake Nyassa. We were very much surprised at this change of attitude on the Arabs' part, our relations hitherto having been perfectly friendly; for though they knew that we, like all Englishmen, disapproved of the slave trade, we had never actively interfered with it, having neither the authority nor the force to do so. The attack was utterly unprovoked, as was afterwards acknowledged by the chief of the marauders to the acting British Consul, when, during a pause in the hostilities, we were making overtures of peace. We also discovered that, months previously, it had been decided to appoint Mlozi Sultan of the district, and to oust the English.

They began by picking a quarrel with the natives over the purchase of some sugar-cane. A chief was killed, and his people rising suddenly, avenged his death by killing about a dozen Arab women, who were occupied at some distance from their villages. The Arabs seized this moment to proclaim Mlozi Sultan of Nkonde, and not only made war on the offending natives and others in the surrounding country, burning their houses and capturing many for slaves, but demanded from the English, cattle and goods as the price of the safety of the three villages close to Karonga's, whose inhabitants were supposed to belong to the station. This was of course refused, and as there was no pretence that these people had been implicated in the quarrel, the claim was at length withdrawn.

At this time there was deposited in our store a considerable quantity of ivory sent from a distance by powerful Arabs, to be paid for on the arrival of our steamer the 'Ilala.' To this circumstance we owe it that the station, in which there was only one Englishman, was not at once attacked. Nevertheless so threatening were the rumours which reached Karonga's, that

Monteith, our agent, wrote to the Rev. Mr. Bain at Mwiniwanda's, seventy miles inland, informing him of the danger, and asking him to come to the station. He besides sent word to the second agent, who, with a strong guard, was returning from Tanganyika, and also reported to head-quarters the dangerous aspect of affairs. In the meantime matters grew worse. The Arabs began to make raids upon the gardens of those natives they had bound themselves to respect. Quarrels ensued, whereupon the Arabs attacked and burned the villages, the greater number of the inhabitants of which escaped, many taking refuge in the reeds of the Kambwe Lagoon. What followed is an example of the Arab's cruelty and of the delight which he takes in human suffering. The summer was far advanced and the vegetation exceptionally dry. The crocodile-infested Kambwe bounded the far end of the jungle; a cordon of armed men guarded the other three sides; and, seats having been erected in the trees that the Arab leaders might enjoy the spectacle, orders were given to set the reeds on fire. The whole company was doomed. Driven out by the flames, the women were seized as slaves, while the men were either shot down by the savage soldiers, or, vainly struggling in the tenacious mud of the lagoon, were devoured by crocodiles.

Hitherto the Arabs had carefully avoided all cause of quarrel with the Europeans, so managing that the latter had no pretext for interfering on behalf of the natives. But now that the surrounding communities, so friendly to the English, had been utterly destroyed, there seemed no reason why the long-meditated attack on the little station should be further delayed. The Arabs had secured as allies the Wahenga, a marauding tribe from the south which had been driven north by the Angoni, promising them for their services the cattle and lands of the Sokilis when conquered. Fresh from their horrid work on the Kambwe Lagoon, they paraded past Karonga's, brandishing their spears and threatening speedy return. Meantime the Rev. Mr. Bain had arrived from Mwiniwanda's, and making use of some bricks intended for a new store, he and Monteith constructed a small fort on the borders of the Lake where the water supply could not be cut off.

Fortunately the day after the massacre the steamer arrived, having on board Mr. O'Neill, H.B.M. Consul for Mozambique, and the Rev. Lawrence Scott, who happened to be travelling in the Lake district; Mr. Sharpe, who had been elephant-hunting

at Bandawe; and Dr. Tomory of the London Missionary Society at Tanganyika. The necessary goods having come by the steamer, several days were spent in settling accounts with the Arabs for the ivory deposited in our store. Although they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied in regard to this transaction, on the 23rd of November they tried to take the station by surprise, firing into the fort while our party were at breakfast. This attack was easily repulsed, but Nicol, who with his men had arrived some days before, was sent that evening to the North End to secure the assistance of the Sokilis.*

Disappointed in their first attempt, the Arabs made a more determined attack next morning at daybreak, in which, had we not been warned by a friendly Wahenga, they might have been successful. Creeping forward in open order, five hundred strong, they hoped to rush the fort, but when within a hundred yards, they were greeted by a well-directed volley from behind the hitherto silent and apparently deserted walls, which drove them back with heavy loss. Then commenced a five days' siege, in the conduct of which the Arabs proved themselves no tyros in the art of war, nightly pushing forward towards our defences, bullet-proof stockades built of strong tree-trunks laid horizontally. From these and from our store, the only building left of the old station, they kept up day and night a galling cross-fire. To meet the new method of attack, at the suggestion of Consul O'Neill trenches were dug within the walls to protect the combatants, while pits were made for the hundreds of miserable, starving refugees who had flocked into the fort to escape the Arabs. Ammunition was running short, and the situation was becoming critical, when the siege was raised on the approach of Nicol with five thousand Sokilis.

Had these Sokilis consented to follow up this advantage by an immediate attack on Mlozi's stronghold, the whole difficulty might then have ended. This they refused to do, and declared their intention of returning home. As without them it was impossible to hold Karonga's, the station was abandoned, and our party retired with them to Nsessi thirty miles farther north. On her return trip the 'Ilala' brought Consul Hawes, my brother and two other white men, and it was then decided in council, that in self-defence, Mlozi's stockade at Mpata must be destroyed. The attack was made, the stockade entered and part of the village burned, but, though the Arab loss was great,

* The popular name for the Wa-Nkonde-Wamwaba.

little of importance was accomplished, owing to the childish greed of our undisciplined allies, who, failing to understand the importance of driving out the enemy, thought of nothing but securing ivory and cattle. Our losses were exceptionally small, the only white men wounded being my brother, who had a bullet through his thigh, and Mr. Sharpe one through his heel. Ammunition being almost exhausted, it was necessary in the meantime to suspend hostilities. The greater number of the Europeans went south, while Bain, Monteith, and Nicol remained in the district in order to assure the natives that we had no intention of deserting them nor of abandoning our station. An official promise was given to those that remained, that a party should return to relieve them with guns, ammunition, and stores.

Matters had now become so serious that meetings were held to discuss the situation. No Europeans would be safe could an Arab, unprovoked, attack their settlements with impunity. It was felt to be absolutely necessary that Mlozi and the two Arab leaders who had joined him should be driven from the district. Their three fortified villages, two within six miles of Karonga's, were a constant menace to this station, rendering it untenable unless held by an armed force. Should the road continue blocked, the Free Church mission at Mwiniwanda's must necessarily be abandoned, while the London Missionary Society's station at Fwambo would be shut off from the easiest route to the coast.

The position at the North End is a most important one;—to the African Lakes Company as the base of the Stevenson Road with its Tanganyika trade; to the Arabs for the same reason, and also that being within thirty miles of the densely-populated country of the Sokili, they would be able to draw thence, for many years, an unlimited supply of slaves.

It having been suggested that further fighting might be avoided by the offer of favourable terms to the Arabs, we induced the acting Consul (Consul Hawes having gone home on leave) to proceed to the North End, to endeavour to make peace.

The Company demanded no compensation for the destruction of Karonga's and other property, only stipulating that the Arabs should leave the road.

According to promise I went North with a party of five whites and sixty Mandala natives, with all the guns and ammunition we

could collect from stations nearer the coast. We took up our position at the old camp on the Nsessi, lest our nearer proximity to the Arabs should hinder the negotiations of the Consul, who was to follow in the Mission Steamer 'Charles Jansen.' The wet season had now set in, and after ten days we were forced to leave this camp, where, owing to its situation near the Livingstone Mountains, the rains were unusually heavy. The water surrounded our huts, white and black alike were down with fever, and in the plains, now turned to swamps, crocodiles attacked our men. Again and again on our march southwards, our indignation was roused afresh, as we passed through miles of luxuriant gardens, run to waste, the owners of which, within a few months, had either been killed or driven away. We re-occupied Karonga's, setting to work at once, to defend it with strong earth-works. Mlozi made no objection to negotiations, coming down to the 'Charles Jansen' to meet the acting Consul. Here, allowing that the African Lakes Company had given him no provocation to attack them, he promised to destroy his stockades and withdraw from the district. On his return to his own people, he repudiated his promises, and challenged us to fight, if we wanted to remain. Nothing else had ever been intended, but the Arabs had welcomed the delay caused by negotiations, as giving them an opportunity of greatly strengthening their position. One offer, indeed, they made us which is hardly worth recording, they promised not to attack our station, should we desert and leave to their mercy the Sokilis who had so willingly come to help us in our time of need.

The Mission steamer then withdrew and, collecting our native allies, we attacked Msalema's, the nearest Arab town, on the morning of the 10th of April. Having no rockets, I succeeded in setting fire to the village by means of darts shot from a rifle, a small invention of my own, perfected during the time of inaction, while waiting for the native reinforcement. At this moment, a sortie was made from Kopakopa's, the neighbouring Arab village, which, though successfully repulsed, threw for a time our left wing into confusion, and delayed the general advance. We now went forward to within forty yards of the stockade under a heavy fire, which it was impossible to prevent the natives from returning, though firing on their part was useless, the Arabs being well protected by their fortifications. Being slightly in advance of my men, I rose to give the signal for a general attack

but was instantly disabled and helped to the rear, a bullet having shattered my right arm above the elbow. Though for a time the men stood their ground, they did not charge home, and the ammunition having run short, we had once more to retire. Our second expedition had ended in failure.

On my return to the South End, I found that two hundred breech-loading rifles, twenty thousand rounds of ammunition, and eight men engaged at Natal had arrived at Mandala. Notwithstanding our late repulses, it was determined to try again. Captain Lugard, having heard at Mozambique of our difficulties, came up to Mandala, and at the formal request of the British community agreed to command the new expedition. Volunteers, chiefly from our own stations, made up a fresh contingent of twenty white men. This large reinforcement proceeded to the North End, and on the 16th of June, made a most determined and well-planned attack on Kopakopa's stockade, which attack has already been fully described in the *Times* of 10th of September. It proved totally unsuccessful, the strength of the earthworks being such as to render them impervious to rifle-bullets. A cannon was absolutely necessary, and a seven-pounder Armstrong mountain screw gun has been sent out, but we do not yet know whether our Foreign Office has succeeded in obtaining permission for it to pass the Portuguese Custom-house at Quilimane. Our Government, no doubt wisely, declines to undertake the protection of its subjects so far from the coast, but Lord Salisbury has promised all moral support to self-protection, and has used his influence in our favour both at Lisbon and Zanzibar. Owing to his representations, the Sultan has sent a special envoy to Nyassa, forbidding his subjects to continue hostilities against his "friends, the English," but I doubt whether Mlozi and his companions will pay any attention to the mandate of their distant sovereign, particularly as they have no intention of returning to Zanzibar, where they are already "wanted" by their numerous creditors.

The Arabs at present are making a great struggle for Africa. Rumours are rife of invasion on the Nile; they have been shelling Suakim, notwithstanding the assistance of British gunboats; they are at open war with the Germans near Zanzibar, and have revolted against the Sultan, because he countenances their enemy; also, it is to be feared, they have had much to do with the disasters that have attended the Stanley Expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha.

Are we to allow the Arab to be master in Africa? The Arab, whose one aim is to enrich himself, not simply at the expense of the natives, but literally by means of their extermination.

England, with her vast Colonial Empire, is averse to assume new responsibilities, but Englishmen naturally desire to help the wronged and the oppressed, and private enterprise may undertake what no Government could wisely attempt. The African Lakes Company, though a trading company, exists not merely for gain, the benefiting of the native having been one of the main objects in its formation. For this reason, there is one article of traffic we have never carried into the interior—spirits, that source of profit to the trader, but the deadly foe of uncivilized races. From the first we have sought by all peaceful methods to shield the African from the slave-trader, and more than once, by negotiation, have succeeded in averting war. Lately, as has been told, we have been driven to fight; but though we mean to hold our own as far as Lake Tanganyika, we have no intention of making war against the Arab communities on Lake Nyassa. Be it remembered that it is only with a few unattached Arabs we have hitherto been fighting, the great traders of Nyassa and Tanganyika having done nothing against us, and having remained to all appearance perfectly friendly, though we are aware that had Mlozi been successful, their attitude might have been different.

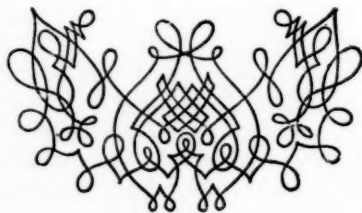
Commander Cameron has lately recommended that an anti-slavery cordon should be established from the north end of Tanganyika, *via* Nyassa, to the mouth of the Zambesi. It is a great scheme, but one not lightly to be entered upon. The expenditure in men and money would be enormous, as a general rising among the Arabs, so numerous and powerful in this region, would inevitably take place.

Yet something must be done at once, and as it is evident that the African Lakes Company cannot continue to bear the whole burden of defending the British subjects in this district, still less can attempt by force to prevent slave raids on independent tribes, the Nyassa Anti-Slavery and Defence Fund has been started to undertake the task of repelling the Arab aggressors. It is proposed to send men, both military and naval, to drill the natives and organize an effective force. Ammunition and guns, including artillery, will be provided, and fortified stations erected at important points on the Stevenson Road. In this way the route will be kept open to Tanganyika, and should it be con-

sidered desirable, it will be possible to place a gun-boat on that Lake. Men have offered to give two years' voluntary service to forward this work, and large sums of money have been promised, as yet, chiefly by the directors of the African Lakes Company. It has been determined, in any case, to maintain our present position, and to defend the European stations on Nyassa, but the extent of the operations against the Arabs in the Lake region, to be undertaken by the directors of the Anti-Slavery and Defence Fund, must greatly depend on the interest and liberality of the British public.

Since writing the above, my attention has been drawn to a letter, dated 14th September, 1888, addressed to the President of the Lisbon Geographical Society by H. de B. Gomes, Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which, ignoring altogether the British settlements in that district, he lays claim to the waterway of the Shiré and Nyassa. This is perfectly in accord with the action of the Portuguese in regard to our steamers, one of which they seized, declaring that to navigate the Zambesi, she must be registered by a Portuguese owner and sail under the Portuguese flag. In deference to our protest they released the steamer and have allowed us in all eight months ostensibly for the arrangement of her transference to a Portuguese. Our Government has promised that this shall not be enforced; but could the Nyassa region be declared a sphere of British influence, though individuals would still have to defend themselves from internal troubles, they would be protected from the encroachment of any European Power who might wish to step in and reap the benefit of the advantages, which have been so hardly won.

FREDERICK L. M. MOIR.



Beer=town=upon=Trent.

“ Evoe ! Basse fremens.”

BURTON-UPON-TRENT is one of the oldest towns in England. Its abbey, which at a later period was important enough to confer upon its abbot a mitre and a seat in Parliament, was founded before the Conquest. Its bridge, which spans the two arms of the river and the flat island of Broad Holme lying between them, is said to be coëval with the abbey, and till it was rebuilt a few years back, proved its title to antiquity by the fact that it was scarcely wide enough even for a single vehicle, while for two to pass one another was by every one except a Burton drayman recognized as a simple impossibility. The town-mill, which still stands besides the bridge, is mentioned in Domesday Book. And yet for all practical purposes Burton is as purely a creation of the railway era as Crewe or Swindon.

In one respect, however, Burton is entirely unlike these latter towns. The most unobservant of travellers could scarcely pass through either of them without noticing the rows of engines, the long lines of shops and sidings, and the tall furnace chimneys. But a man, if such an one there be, to whom the names of Bass and Allsopp are unfamiliar, might pass through Burton a dozen times, and unless he happened to look up exactly at one point where there are two or three piles of casks not much smaller than the Great Pyramid, might fail to discover that the place had any speciality at all. Nor would he be one whit the wiser, if he walked round every street of the town. The present writer searched the streets long and diligently, and at length was rewarded by the sight of precisely two beer-barrels. One might have seen the same sight in many another town, and as it is reported that Messrs. Bass alone have about three quarters of a million sterling invested in casks, or as it pleases Burton to call

them "tubs," it was difficult to avoid the feeling that in this respect the place was scarcely doing itself justice.

Thirty years ago, when the trade of the place was a bagatelle to what it is to-day, beer was very much *en évidence* indeed. The streets were blocked with loaded drays, or "floaters," to use the local word once more, which struggled to get near the railway goods sheds and discharge their contents, much in the same fashion in which the fish carts may still be seen attempting the impossible at Billingsgate any morning of the week about six o'clock. The change has been brought about in Mahometan fashion. The brewers having failed to get to the railways, the railways have gone to the brewers. The Midland Company alone have about forty miles of line in the town, and the Midland, though undoubtedly the most important, is only one of four railways which serve the place. And now the Midland works about twenty train-loads of beer away from Burton every twenty-four hours.

The town takes something of the shape of a bell, as drawn upon a flat surface. The tongue is formed by the main line of the Midland from Derby to Birmingham. The two sides are outlined by the river Trent on the right hand, and by the Grand Junction Canal on the left. Down alongside the river runs a branch railway belonging to the Midland, alongside the canal a similar branch belongs to the North-Western. The lip of the bell is another railway, Midland property once more, crossing at right angles beneath the main line. Finally, where the legend would be inscribed on the bell, a second line is carried across from side to side. To the above, which constitute the main features of the design, must be added to complete the picture innumerable branches and spurs running off all the lines described, belonging some of them to the Midland, some of them to the different breweries. Messrs. Bass alone own sixteen miles of road, all of it connected together, so that traffic can be worked not only from the breweries away to Liverpool or London, but also from one part of the town to another.

Indeed the traffic across the town itself is enormous. The original breweries lay along the Trent between the town and the river, but they have long ago been compelled to stretch out in other directions where they could find room. The consequence is that to-day Messrs. Bass have three entirely separate breweries in different places, an ale and hop store in another place, a cooperage in another, an empty cask store in yet another, and

maltings scattered all over the town. To connect all these different establishments together they have ten engines of their own constantly at work. And what Bass does on a large scale, that the smaller brewers, who only turn out from their two or three scattered establishments a mere 2000 or 3000 barrels a week, do on a smaller scale alongside, and Allsopp on a scale only slightly smaller. The arrangement by which Kensal Green is a part of the Parliamentary borough of Chelsea, and the borough of Wandsworth stretches from Richmond Park to the Crystal Palace, is a marvel of symmetry by the side of the division of Burton into the territories of the various brewing firms. Perhaps the nearest approach to this latter in the political world may be found in the partition of Franconia among the innumerable dukes and grand-dukes of the Saxon line. Perhaps, too, brewers and grand dukes are about equally likely to be able to agree on an equitable repartition of their respective domains.

For indeed a migration of a few yards might mean the gain or the loss of a fortune. No convenience of site and arrangement of buildings could compensate a Burton brewer for the sacrifice of a well that had really tapped a spring of the famous Burton waters. One is often bidden by fervent teetotallers to go to Arabia or the Sahara to learn to appreciate the value of water. One can learn the lesson without going further off than Burton, and remain too a beer-bibber all the time. In Bass's breweries four different qualities of water are pumped up for use simultaneously. The true deep-well water is kept sacred for the manufacture of the beer itself. A second quality, inferior only in prestige, pumped from artesian wells sunk outside the town in land which has been bought by the firm for this express purpose, is used to wet the malt. From wells sunk beside the bed of the river, water is drawn for use in washing out the casks and coppers and vats. Finally, the water that supplies the refrigerators, which never comes in contact with the beer at all, is taken from the river Trent itself.

No one after going to Burton will ever be surprised again that Burton beer is pre-eminently excellent. How excellent it can be those know best who have explored furthest into the secrets of the cavernous recesses of its ale-stores. But the attention that is paid to the water is only typical of the infinite solicitude with

* Gratitude forbids me to forget that even Bass could not surpass the perfection of a glass of barley wine, Château Salt, vintage 1882, that I tasted in the "lowance store" of the firm of that name.

which every detail of the brewing process is watched. Good sound grain is all that is needed for brewing porter or even dark-coloured beer; but barley must be not only sound, but guinea-gold coloured, if it is not to spoil the brightness of India Pale Ale. As for hops, there are only two men who are trusted to buy them for Bass—the head of the firm, Lord Burton, and his co-director, Mr. John Gretton. In one room in the offices we were shown some fifty or a hundred packages of hops of the new season's growth—neat little bundles shaped like miniature trusses of hay—waiting for them to come in and sample them. Certainly when hops cost ten guineas a hundredweight, and they have been known before now to cost thirty guineas, it is just as well for those who have to purchase by the hundred tons to see that they get value for their money. Add then to the best water, the best barley, and the best hops, the highest scientific skill in brewing—and one of Bass's chief brewers is a Fellow of the Royal Society—and the most perfect appliances that unlimited capital can command, and it would be strange if the product were not super-excellent.

When Mr. Gladstone converted the duty on malt into a duty on beer, he calculated on the basis that four barrels of beer went to a quarter of malt. But as Burton beer is above the average strength, the quarter of malt will here hardly go as far as this. We should be understating the matter, therefore, if we said that the firm of Bass, which has been known to brew a million barrels of beer in the twelve months, requires 250,000 quarters of malt *per annum*, or, in other words, the produce of about a hundred square miles of barley fields. They have maltings scattered all over the town, and establishments at Lincoln and Retford as well, but the head-quarters of this branch of the business are at Shobnall, just outside Burton. Here there are seven enormous warehouses—for that is what they look like from the outside—each capable of turning out about 10,000 quarters in the course of the season. In its main outlines the process is a remarkably simple one, though no doubt the highest scientific knowledge and the most highly trained experience may find employment in the finer *nuances* of the business. How long the barley shall be steeped, how long it shall lie afterwards to grow, what heat shall be applied to dry it, and so forth, are all questions capable of an infinite variety of answers, according to the age and quality of the barley and the heat of the weather, and an incorrect solution of the problem may mean a loss of thousands of pounds.

Let us trace very briefly the course of a single batch. We

enter one of the seven Shobnall malt-houses on the ground floor. At one end there runs from side to side, raised some three feet above floor level, what is apparently a swimming-bath. Through the floor above there are cut square holes, and below the holes are what are called spreaders, in shape much like inverted funnels. Through these holes the barley is shot down from the granary on the topmost floor and spread out over the bottom of the bath. Then the water is turned on, not only from taps in the bath itself, but also falling in a shower from the roof. And there the barley lies for some two or three days, refreshed every now and again, if need be, with another douche from the shower-bath, but otherwise undisturbed, till its outer husk has been softened. Thence it passes out into the couch-frame, a wooden enclosure alongside, that it may be measured accurately. Since the abolition of the malt-tax the couch-frame has lost most of the importance that formerly belonged to it; nowadays the twenty excisemen who keep watch day and night on behalf of the public revenue have transferred their attendance from the malt-houses to the brewery. No sooner measured, than the barley is spread out four or five inches deep upon the tiled floor. In a day or two it begins to show signs of growth. At one end tiny rootlets appear, at the other the blade begins to sprout. When growth has gone far enough, which is shown by the fact that the "acrospire," or shoot, is nearly the length of the grain itself, a point which is reached in about eight days, further growth is arrested by the malt being removed to the kiln and dried.

The kilns are at the opposite end of the house to the steeping-tanks. If the one resembles a swimming-bath, the other still more forcibly resembles a Turkish bath. Heated air, at a temperature of 170° or thereabouts, rises up through the floor of perforated tiles from huge braziers filled with coke and anthracite placed beneath. As the malt lies on the floor, it is turned from time to time, and trodden by men with huge shoes like snow-shoes on their feet, to separate the rootlets, which are useless except for feeding cattle, from the grains of malt. The drying completed, the malt is ready or to be used forthwith.

Malt is one of the ingredients of beer, but it is only one, and from the commercial point of view not the most important. Supposing the price of barley to rise at one bound from 24s. to 36s. a quarter, this would only mean an addition of 3s. to the cost of producing a barrel of beer. But hops may range anywhere from five to twenty-five guineas per hundred weight,

and in the busy season Bass can get through something like a hundred tons of hops in a week. Most people know the look of a hop-pocket, and a pocket weighs on the average a few pounds over a hundredweight and a half, so that a hundred tons of hops means a good deal. Here is another way of gauging the consumption. Before a barrel of beer is finally closed ready for despatch to the consumer, it is filled up with beer, and a loose handful of hops—the finest and most highly flavoured that can be got—is put in at the bung-hole. It takes about 200 pockets of hops a week to supply these handfuls.

Bass's hop-store is perhaps the most remarkable sight in Burton. There are two acres of floor-space piled up to the roof with Kentish pockets and American bales. A short time back there were some 10,000 pockets and bales in stock, and the new season's consignments had not yet begun to arrive. At Burton one learns that there are hops and hops. Sussex and Surrey and Hants no doubt do grow a plant bearing that name, but its flower is large and coarse, and unworthy to flavour India Pale Ale. As for the produce of Bavarian or Belgian hop-yards, it is only fit to be thrown into a concoction not to be mentioned in the halls of Bass save with bated breath—*lager bier*. Needless to say, when the area of supply is thus limited, and the consumption so enormous, some care has to be exercised how and when to buy. When the old crop is well-nigh exhausted, and the new crop promises to be short and of poor quality, a rumour that Bass was buying might cause a sudden scramble in Southwark that would send up prices to a fancy figure.

Given the hops, the malt, and the water, there is one thing more necessary, and that is the casks to put the beer into. And Bass's steam cooperage is one of the most interesting parts of the whole organization of the business. There is only one machine that seems to be wanting, a machine that shall be capable of selecting staves of the correct size exactly to fit the iron hoop and so form the cask; if this could only be invented, there would be no need from start to finish of a single skilled hand-worker in the whole establishment. A machine saws the staves out to the required thickness; a second, with two circular saws at a fixed distance apart, cuts them off to the proper length; a third planes off the two sides of the outside of the stave, and planes out a corresponding depth in the middle on the inside. And then for the first time comes in the skilled workman of whom we have just spoken.

Leaving him, the cask—shaped now much like a crinoline, with deep gores (as the ladies call them) cut from the bottom almost up to the single band that holds it together at the top—passes once more into the clutches of a fresh set of machines. It is put under an extinguisher and steamed for ten minutes to make the wood supple. Then the open end is drawn together by a chain, and fresh hoops are put round ; then a brazier filled with burning wood is put inside it to dry it. Next a machine bores out the bung-hole ; and another planes off and bevels the ends of the staves, and at the same time cuts out a groove into which the top and bottom of the cask are to be fitted. These have meanwhile been formed by other equally industrious machines, which are waited on attentively by bright little boys of fourteen or fifteen. Let us notice just one or two machines more. Here is one that thrusts a square stick of wood into a machine like an ordinary pencil-sharpener, and as soon as the pencil, which in this case is not a pencil but a vent-peg, is sharpened, promptly cuts it off to the required length. A second, looking much like a domestic stocking-knitter, turns little square sticks some three inches long into vent-pegs as fast as a boy can fix them up one after another on a ring round a set of cutting-knives that rotate in the interior. Or again, little squares of wood cut out of the staves of old casks that are too old to be serviceable, are rounded into bungs—in Burton language “shives”—as fast as the attendant can pick them up off the heap beside him.

And now for the brewery, to which malt-house, and hop-store, and cooperage are all but ante-chambers. Or rather the breweries, for they are three in number. They are known as the Old, the Middle, and the New. They are known also as the Red, the White and the Blue Breweries, from the fact that each brewery marks the casks of beer that it sends out with its own colour. The head-brewer of the Red Brewery is understood to consider the out-turn of the Blue and the White superior to all else the world can furnish, and only slightly inferior to that which bears the red mark ; while his two colleagues, though in general agreement with him, unite in thinking that he is in error as to the colour. The opinion of the rest of the world is, however, summarized in the patriotic line,

“Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue.”

There is a fourth brewery that must not go unmentioned, though in magnitude it is hardly on a par with the others, as its

out-turn for each brewing is precisely three barrels. In it the chief brewer of the whole establishment conducts in person the entire operation from start to finish. What conclusions "the pale-eyed priest in his prophetic cell" draws from the smoking entrails of his victim, John Barleycorn, or what indeed becomes of the quintessence of nectar that must issue forth thence, it beseems not the curious vulgar too closely to enquire.

The Old Brewery is the smallest of the three, and in spite of its name, it was only built in its present form eight or nine years back. It was closed for the season some time in April, pulled down to the ground and at work again by the middle of October. And although it is by no means a very large pile of buildings, it cost something over £90,000. But then coppers to hold 100 barrels apiece, and copper-piping by the mile, cannot be bought for nothing. Here is another item that belongs to expense. In what is called the union-room, of which more anon, there are 2000 barrels all united together by continuous piping, whence the name. The barrels and their fittings are worth £10 apiece. And now for a very brief and non-technical description of the process of brewing.

The malt is crushed between smooth rollers, and then fed through hoppers into huge receptacles filled with boiling water, known as mash-tubs. A strange machine, termed a porcupine, fretful enough in all conscience, but with its quills about as thick as a man's wrist, beats water and malt up together, while revolving pipes, perforated with innumerable holes, pour in from time to time fresh supplies of hot water. After a few hours the mash is drawn off through the bottom of the tub into coppers, and a fresh supply of water is "sparged" on to the malt. This second infusion, which of course is weaker, is termed the "letch," and on the proportion of mash to leech depends the strength of the brew. Meanwhile, down below in the coppers the mash, or "wort," is boiling fiercely over the blazing fire, and the hops that have been thrown in are tossing uneasily on its troubled surface. The hops, when their goodness has been boiled out of them, go to the dairyman as bedding for his cows, to whom also has gone the spent malt from the mash-tubs, now degraded to the level of brewers' grains.

The wort, a mawkish sweet liquid of uninviting colour and taste, is pumped upstairs to the top floor of the adjacent building, where are the "coolers." These are merely great flat expanses of floor, falling by steps of a foot or so at a time with sluices

between each, and they only cool the liquid by exposing it to the air. If brewers depended, as they used to do, upon these alone, they could only brew when the external temperature was down to about 60°. But nowadays the coolers are supplemented by refrigerators, tanks looking like gigantic batteries, of which the plates are filled with rows of piping, over and under which the wort must needs pass. Cold water pumped through the pipes reduces the temperature of the wort in a few minutes from 120° to 56°. Then the liquid, not to remain wort much longer, flows down into the squares, which are what their name implies, nothing more nor less than big water-tight wooden boxes. Each square holds 50 barrels, and there are 120 of them in the room.

Here the barm, or yeast, is mixed with the wort, and from the union comes forth beer. But in wort as in bread, the leaven works gradually. At first the liquid lies still, only perhaps somewhat muddier than before. Another square of an older brew is covered with a thick dull-coloured foam. A third is filled almost to the top with "white and fleecy waves, as soft as carded wool." And these waves are as deadly, though in another way, as those in which the 'Hesperus' went down. Hold a lighted match over them, and the fumes of the carbonic acid gas that is given off by the fermentation extinguish it in a moment, as they would extinguish the life of any one who might fall over into an empty square before it had been properly cleaned out. The next stage is the union-room, of which we have already spoken. Here the beer with the yeast in it passes into rows of barrels opening upwards through pipes into a trough lying along the top of them. The yeast, being lighter than the beer, works off into the trough, and fresh beer runs in to supply its place. In two or three days the process is complete, the fermentation finished, and the beer descends once more from the union-room to the racking squares,—great reservoirs, whence it is finally drawn off into the casks in which it is sent away to the consumer. As for the barm, it is forced through cloths to extract the beer out of it, and then sold in a state almost as dry as German yeast.

It remains to notice the arrangements for despatching the ale from Burton. The great brewers load their own casks into trucks, and then draw out the loaded trucks with their own engines and leave them on the Railway Companies' sidings to await the departure of the night trains. The smaller brewers—small that is as Burton counts smallness—allow the Railway Company to come and fetch the trucks. But even the smaller

brewers can manage when the winter supply is being delivered to send away a full-train load at a time from Burton to London. Two trains a-day are loaded with beer for York and Newcastle, and in all some thousands of barrels are despatched every four-and-twenty hours. The railways have really more trouble with the empty than they have with the full casks. The brewers, as we have said, send away their beer in truck-loads. But the casks often come back mixed higgledy piggledy for half-a-dozen brewers in the same truck. To sort them out again for their proper owners, the Midland Company has what is known as an "empty cask bank," a platform some three hundred yards in length, alongside which the trucks draw up while a special staff sort out and rearrange their contents.

Still on the whole the companies have no cause to complain. If the railways have made Burton, as they certainly have, on the other hand, now it is made, they find in the town one of their very best customers. Not only do they carry innumerable millions of gallons of beer outwards, but they can load their trucks on the return journey with hops and barley and malt to produce more beer. And there is nothing your railway manager loves like a traffic that balances itself inwards and outwards. Nor can the British public complain that extortionate railway rates have made their beer too expensive. We count that on the gallon of beer, which is sold across a refreshment-room counter in London for 4s., the carriage from Burton has cost a good deal less than one penny. Certainly if Burton were to plead like other places for a reduction of rates, it would hardly venture to sue *in formâ pauperis*. The whole air of the place is one of exuberant prosperity. The clerks' offices in two of the great breweries that we visited were panelled in oak. In Messrs. Bass's office there is a staircase with a balustrade in alabaster and marble that would not misbecome a palace. But there are those who think that a cloud is rising which may yet overshadow the prosperity of Burton. And on the cloud they think they see written in letters, whose outlines are still faint and dim,—so faint and dim indeed, that the Burton brewers, who of all men should be most skilled to discern the signs of the times, refuse to believe that the writing is there at all—the ominous words *Lager Bier*.

An Unexpected Visit.

IT was with the air of a man profoundly indifferent to his own successes, that Gerard Strickland, twitching his cuffs and stretching his arms, before letting his hands fall into his lap, sank back into the luxurious arm-chair by his library fire, after throwing on the table the letter that announced his promotion to an enviable post in the Civil Service. As he thought of the past, his advancement seemed to him no subject for congratulations, but only one of those grim jests with which fortune delights to mock disappointed men.

An old man-servant, one of a sort growing rare, entered the room with an evening paper. He laid it at his master's side, and stood at a respectful distance, waiting, half-hesitating, with some anxiety legible in his countenance.

"Well, Thomas?" asked Strickland.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but do you remember what day it is to-day?"

"No, Thomas."

"Your wedding-day, sir!"

Strickland's face clouded.

"I did not know, sir, whether you would wish for dinner the same wine as—as you used to have."

"No, Thomas; I shall probably dine at the club."

"I ordered dinner, as usual, sir, and a bouquet, in case——"

"Quite right, Thomas, quite right."

For an instant the heart of the promoted official sank. The fidelity of his old domestic was humiliating. How he would once have resented the suggestion that Thomas would remember this anniversary better than himself! And that it should fall to the old servant to order from the florist the bouquet Gerard himself had been formerly so proud to bring home, on this evening, to his wife! But the slight sense of annoyance passed

away quickly. It was with absolute indifference that, seeing the man-servant still waiting, he asked—

"Anything else, Thomas?"

"This morning, when you had but just gone, a lady called. Hearing you were not at home, she said she should call again this evening, about six. She wished to see you on important business."

"Her name?"

"She left none."

"Did you see her?"

"No, sir."

"Did John say what she was like?"

"Rather tall, sir; a young lady, dark, and fashionably dressed."

"If she calls I will see her. You may go, Thomas." The servant left, and Strickland continued to himself. "Tall, young, dark, well-dressed, business with me. Who can she be?"

"The lady is here, sir, in the drawing-room," said Thomas, returning to the library, after about ten minutes.

Strickland went to the drawing-room. At the door he paused a moment to steal a look at his visitor. She stood by one of the tables, idly turning the leaves of a photograph album. Her back was towards him, and he could distinguish only the tall and graceful figure of a woman, well-dressed, and wearing expensive laces.

"Madam!" he said, advancing.

The lady turned. Strickland started as if he had received an electric shock. To conceal, to the best of his ability, his surprise, and the sudden pallor of his face, he made her a profound bow.

"I hope I am not inconveniencing you," she said, at the same time returning his salute. Then, with a quiet ease, she selected a chair, and sat down.

"Not in the least, I am at your service," said Strickland.

"As I shall avail myself of your condescension, I hope that was not merely a compliment."

"May I ask how I can oblige you?"

The lady stroked the soft fur of her muff, and once or twice lifted her searching eyes to his face. Apparently she was hesitating to name the purpose of her visit. Meanwhile, Strickland gratified his eyes with a good look at her, lovely, fascinating still, as the first day he had seen her. Only her pure

profile had gained more decision, and her eyes had a profounder meaning than when he last looked into them; as those of a woman who had lived and suffered.

At length she said—

“Do you still correspond with my father?”

“Yes. It is, however, a fortnight since I last wrote to him.”

“I received a letter from him yesterday. He is coming to town to-morrow.”

This time Strickland made no attempt to conceal his surprise.

“To-morrow! Your father who never leaves home!”

“The medical men order him to the south coast, and he will, on his way, stop in town, to spend the night with——”

She paused.

“His daughter,” said Strickland.

“He says his son! And so we find ourselves in a pleasant embarrassment.”

She leant back, and with a small hand began drubbing a waltz on the table at her side.

“You call it pleasant,” said Strickland.

“I did not come here to discuss words, but to discover a plan of action.”

“I see none.”

“And you are a politician, a man of genius! If those subtle arts, that have been so successfully employed in your own advancement, could be, without prejudice to you, this once employed to extricate me from——”

“Excuse me, madam; but your reproaches are scarcely likely to assist me to exercise my imagination.”

“Bah! Well, I have a plan. First, I do not wish, cost what it may, to let my father know—the truth.”

“The unhappy truth!”

She made a little grimace, and proceeded: “My father would be cruelly hurt, and the sins of the children ought not to be visited upon their parents. My remorse—I beg your pardon, that is of no consequence here”—she looked aside to warn him not to expostulate, and continued: “Hitherto, thanks to our precautions, the distance of my father’s residence, and the seclusion in which he prefers to live, he has been spared this sorrow. To-morrow our clever edifice of dutiful falsehood falls to the ground, and I at least am unable to conjecture the consequences.”

“And I.”

"Mr. Strickland, it is absolutely necessary to prevent this scandal. I trust you will assist me. My father must find us together; and we must avoid everything that would serve to awaken suspicion."

She spoke sadly, as well as earnestly. A deep shadow of concern settled on her hearer's face. Wrapped in thought, he delayed the answer. His visitor became impatient.

"Your promised courtesy costs too much?" she demanded.

"No. I am ready. But I see many difficulties. The servants?"

"Give the new man-servant I found here this morning a holiday. I will speak to Thomas."

"If a friend should call?"

"You will see no one."

"If we meet your father, people will see us together."

"We will go in a closed carriage."

"Your father will stay here several hours. Good and simple-hearted as he is, do you believe it possible he will not recognize a—bachelor's house?"

"I will send my work, my music, and so on, this evening. My room?"

"Is as you left it."

"Sentimentality!"

"No—respect."

"Have you any further objections?"

"None. It remains to be seen whether we shall be able to deceive Mr. Gregory."

"By playing the affectionate couple. Can you remember your grimaces and fooleries of two years ago?" she asked sarcastically.

"No; I have forgotten them," replied Strickland with a frown.

And the two looked into each other's eyes, like two duellists.

"When will you come here?" asked Strickland.

"This evening. I will bring my things, and I shall slightly disarrange this and that. I hope I shall not inconvenience you. You are not expecting any one?"

"No one. I was going out. If you wish, I will stay and assist you. My engagement is unimportant."

"Pray go. We should have to talk, and we have nothing to say to each other."

"Nothing. Will you dine here?"

"No, thanks ; I'll go home now, and return by and by."

She rose. Strickland bowed in response to her bow, conducted her to the door without another word, and returned with a sense of relief to the library.

When he returned home, shortly after midnight, the house had resumed an aspect long strange to it. Lights were burning in the drawing-room, and a little alteration in the arrangement of the furniture had restored to the room a forgotten grace. Bouquets of flowers filled the vases, and a faint sweetness of violets floated about the hall and staircase. The piano was open, and some music stood on the bookstand. On the boudoir table was a work-basket. By the hearth his visitor was sitting in a low chair, her little feet half buried in the bear-skin rug, and her head reposed on her hand, whilst she gazed wistfully into the fire.

Was it a dream ? Bertha's flowers ; Bertha's music. Bertha herself in his home again ! Two years' misery cancelled in an evening ! In a moment rushed across his memory a golden wooing, a proud wedding, happy months, and the bitter day of separation. He turned away, and passed to his room, saying, "Good night !"

"Good night !" replied his wife, without moving.

* * * * *

The strange event that had taken place in Gerard Strickland's house, prevented none of its inmates enjoying a wholesome night's rest. Bertha, persuaded that to-morrow's comedy could effect no real change in her relation to her husband, went to her room with the feelings of one who spends a night in a hotel. Strickland, similarly regarding the past as irremediable, read in bed for half an hour, and then fell asleep.

To get married they had both committed a thousand follies. After meeting her at a table-d'hôte, Strickland had pursued her half over Europe, vanquished the difficulties of an approach to her father in his secluded country house, and ultimately, assisted by the lady's prayers and tears, gained the old man's reluctant consent to surrender his idolized daughter. The young married people, passionately attached to each other, enjoyed fifteen months of remarkable happiness, and then came the end.

Bertha became jealous. Devoted to her husband, proud, hasty, immoderate in all her thoughts and emotions, she resented, with all the intensity of her nature, a meeting between Strickland

and a former flame, a dance, a note, half-an-hour's conversation. The husband unfortunately met her passionate expostulations with the disdainful *insouciance* of an easy temperament. The inevitable consequence ensued, a bitter misunderstanding. An impudent servant, a malicious acquaintance, half-a-dozen venomous tongues, lashed the wife's jealousy into madness. An explanation demanded from her husband, was refused with a sneer. He had begun to think her a proud, unloving woman, and, under the circumstances, judged self-justification ridiculous. The following morning she entered his library, and with marvellous calmness, without quavering over a single word, announced to him their immediate separation,—for ever. Taken by surprise, Strickland tried to temporize, acknowledged he had been thoughtless, did all in a man's power to avoid the rupture. Bertha only replied so proudly, and with so much severity, that self-respect forbade him further self-defence.

They separated. Strickland externally bore his misfortune with quietness, and, in counsel with his own conscience, concluded his life broken and ruined by his own want of tact. The husband and wife met two or three times, as people meet who barely know each other. He devoted himself to professional duties, resumed some of his bachelor habits, and amused himself as he could. She led a quiet, almost solitary life, restricting her pleasures to such simple enjoyments as she could provide herself at home, and seldom appearing in public. On one point both agreed, to write regularly to Bertha's father, repeating such stereotyped phrases as "Bertha is well, and sends her love. I believe she wrote to you a few days ago." "Gerard is well, and at present very busy. He will not this year be able to accompany me to the seaside."

It will be easily believed that to go to her husband's house and to ask a favour of him had cost Bertha's pride a struggle. "For papa's sake: for papa's sake!" she repeated to herself, to steel her nerves to the humiliation, which, however, Strickland's cold courtesy had considerably lessened. If he would be equally considerate on the morrow, a little spirit, a little self-command, and some clever pretending might enable them safely to conduct her father through the few hours to be spent in town, to see him off from Victoria, and, with a polite bow, to separate and return to their several existences.

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Dinner was ended, Mr. Gregory smiled contentment and

happiness, and the two actors at the opposite ends of the table of necessity smiled too.

Their parts had proved difficult. From the moment of the old gentleman's arrival they had had to call each other by their Christian names, and to use the little endearments of two married people still in love. More than once, a word, an intonation, that sounded like an echo of the dead past, made Strickland pale, and Bertha tremble. Their embarrassment momentarily increased. The more perfect their dissimulation, the bitterer was the secret remorse that wrung the hearts of both of them, whilst they exchanged for meaningless things, words, looks, and smiles, once the most sacred signs of affection. With the fear of betraying themselves by an indiscretion was intermixed another, a misgiving lest, while they acted affection, they should be guilty of real feelings warmer than the courteous indifference with which they desired to regard each other.

On the stairs, when Mr. Gregory, preceding them, was for an instant out of sight, Bertha turned back and bestowed on her husband a grim look of fatigue that meant, "How are we to continue this?"

"'Tis only till to-morrow, Bertha," he replied in an undertone, wishing to help her. But the Christian name (which, because he had in the last two hours used it so frequently, unwittingly slipped from his lips) caused her to turn her face away with an angry frown.

By the fire in the back drawing-room Mr. Gregory appeared actuated by a desire to ask all the most awkward questions, and to broach all the topics of conversation most difficult for his host and hostess.

"Letters are welcome, Bertha," he said, "when people cannot meet, but I have enjoyed my little visit more than all the pages you have sent me. There is very little in letters. Don't you think your wife grows handsomer, Strickland?"

"I tell her so every day."

"And so he tells me, Bertha. His letters are all about you. You have a model husband, my dear."

"I have, papa."

Strickland hung his head and regarded the pattern of the carpet.

"I should like to see your house, Bertha," said Mr. Gregory, after a moment.

The little party set out on a tour of the mansion. After an

inspection of several rooms, as Strickland preceded them into the breakfast room, the father stopped his daughter, and said—

“Bertha, where is your mother’s portrait?”

“The frame had got shabby and we have sent it to be re-gilt,” replied the daughter promptly.

“Where does it generally hang?”

“There.”

She assigned to the picture, which she had taken away with her, the first empty space on the wall that met her eye.

“I don’t think that a very good place!” said the old man. “Ah, what a woman she was! What a wonderful woman! You should have known her, Strickland. You owe her your wife. When she was leaving me, poor dear! she made me promise never to hesitate to make any sacrifice that should be for Bertha’s happiness; and so, when my little girl came to me and said, ‘Papa, I can never be happy without Gerard,’ I thought of my dear wife, and let her go. I feared, when I sent her abroad, I should lose her. Well, you were made for each other. Do you remember your first meeting in Paris?”

They remembered it.

The tour of the house was completed, and they returned to the drawing-room, Gerard and his wife congratulating themselves, not without reason, that the good papa was not very observant, for many a token of something abnormal had been plain enough.

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With a common sigh of relief, the two actors sank into their respective corners of their carriage, after seeing Mr. Gregory off the next morning from Victoria. Not a word was spoken. Bertha watched the drops of rain that trickled down the windows. Gerard studied the back of the coachman. They had again become strangers.

Presently, moving accidentally, Strickland touched his wife’s arm.

“I beg your pardon,” he said.

“Pray do not mention it.”

Perfect strangers! Yet both in the silence were anxiously meditating every event of the last few hours, remembering the most trifling impressions, and studying all they signified. As they came near a cross street the husband asked—

“Shall I drive you to your own house?”

"I am coming to yours, to superintend the packing. My maid cannot do it alone."

On arriving, the wife at once went to her chamber. Strickland, conscious of utter purposelessness, returned to the back drawing-room and took up the paper. Bertha passed backwards and forwards. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of her moving about the room. At last he looked up.

"You will tire yourself," he said ; "cannot I assist you ?"

"No thank you. I have nearly done."

A few minutes later she came and seated herself on the opposite side of the fire. She appeared tired. As she sat, she looked round to see if anything had been forgotten.

"I think it rains less," said Strickland, who had laid down the paper.

"No. It rains just the same as before."

"Is the carriage ready ?"

"I have sent to know."

The carriage would be ready in ten minutes. Those ten minute seemed an eternity. When the servant entered to say the carriage waited, Bertha rose, and stood for a little while before the mirror, arranging her laces and ribbons, with difficulty, for her fingers trembled. Then she slowly drew on her gloves, and turned towards her husband. He had risen, and was standing waiting.

"Good morning," she said, bowing slightly.

He bowed, but made no reply. She turned, and quietly, with calm, even steps, walked from the room. She could hear that he followed her.

They were in the hall. Suddenly he stepped to her side.

"Bertha ! You are not going without first forgiving me ?" he exclaimed, in a voice in which grief mingled with passion.

She turned round, and in an instant had thrown herself into his arms.

"Darling ! you will never leave me again ?"

"No, no, love. Never !"

HENRY CRESSWELL.



Handwriting and Character.



MEN are always on the look-out for indications by which to judge of the character of their fellow-men. And naturally so ; for much of our success in life must depend on the rapidity and certainty with which we can seize the salient features of each other's characters. We are all anxious to know whom we can trust, whom not to trust—who is likely to make a useful instrument for this or that particular purpose, who would prove an inefficient or indifferent workman. Such indications of character have been sought at different times in many different directions. Phrenology had once its day and its adherents ; physiognomy has its adherents still ; there are people to be found who believe in palmistry, or conceal a half-belief under the cloak of treating it as a jest ; the look, manner, walk, gesture, even voice of a man, are all seized upon and pressed into the service. It is proposed in this paper to say a few words on one of these outward indices to character, and to consider how far the handwriting of our correspondents can furnish a ground for any safe or trustworthy inferences as to their dispositions and habits.

I shall begin by noticing that almost all people do, as a matter of fact, in a more or less conscious way, draw some conclusions as to the education and position of the various writers from the handwritings which come before them. To do so is almost as instinctive as to form some kind of notion of a man from his face and look. When we read an application for an appointment, when we engage a servant, when we turn over the pages of a begging-letter, we instinctively conjure up before ourselves a picture of the writer. We all con over his writing to judge what an unknown correspondent is like. Or when we are studying the life of a great man, what a help do we feel it to be towards realizing what he was, to see a veritable piece of his handwriting ! We recognize in that a real, genuine part of the

man himself. For handwriting can scarcely be hypocritical ; it is for the most part what the man's familiar practice makes it to be—and so we do not find that the conclusions we form are often mistaken ; men and women are as a rule that which their handwriting declares them to be. Handwriting, like almost all unconscious, or semi-conscious action, lets out secrets.

We have thus in handwriting as in physiognomy a certain basis of facts to start from. There is presumably a connection between a man's writing and his character, if only we have the eyes to see it. But here is the difficulty. How are we to judge ? I would observe in the first place that our inferences and judgments are even approximately valuable and reliable only within certain definite limits. We are able to judge at all only in cases where we have considerable experience to guide us, and where the phenomena are to some extent familiar to us. We can make nothing generally out of the handwriting of foreigners. The writing of foreigners, or at any rate of foreigners belonging to the same nationality, looks to us all strangely alike. An educated Englishman might perhaps be able to say whether a particular communication was, apart from the language, written by an Italian, a German or a Frenchman, though even this is doubtful ; beyond this he almost certainly would not be able to get. Within the nationality, differences of handwritings seem to be too minute much to attract our attention, and we are inclined to think that Frenchmen, Germans, Italians and Spaniards almost all write very much alike. What has been said of the handwriting of foreigners applies to some, though to a less, extent to the handwriting of the uneducated. Here, again, we are apt to find ourselves separated from it by too wide an interval for us to be adequate judges. The writing of the uneducated looks all of it very much the same. The more salient features, perhaps, strike us, the finer shades of difference escape our notice.

Is it safe then to trust to handwriting as an index to character in the case of those who hold intellectually and socially a position not very far removed from our own ? Before answering this question in the affirmative, there are two further cautions which it seems necessary to bear in mind. In the first place it must be remembered that handwriting has, so to speak, its physical side, and is conditioned by this. There are many people who cannot write well because they have not the physical power to do so ; they have little command over their hands and fingers ; they can no more write well than they could draw well

or paint well. The hand will not obey the eye or the will. There are others, again, with whom writing is no expression of themselves. It has become by constant use an almost purely mechanical process. We all know how meaningless, unindividual clerks' hands tend to become ; and the same is the case, though in a less degree, with all that class of handwritings to which we give the name of business hands. It follows from this that the handwritings which have for educated people any interest as an index to character are mainly those of people who have been educated more or less like themselves. And even amongst these there is a disturbing influence which still requires to be taken into account. Man is at all points an imitative animal, particularly when young ; and in no particular is he more imitative than in this matter of handwriting. A vast majority of people in "forming" their hand more or less deliberately copy the writing of some one else—parent, or teacher, or friend or acquaintance. I have known a case where a particular stamp of handwriting has run over a considerable period of years through the great proportion of the upper boys in one of our public schools, a stamp of handwriting clearly due to the influence of one particular master handed on through many successive generations of school-boys from one to another.

It is perhaps surprising, considering this, that types of handwriting should not more frequently run in particular families. We should naturally expect a cast of writing to prevail in a family just as we expect a certain cast of face. As a matter of fact this is not so. I do not think that members of the same family write more alike than other persons taken at random from the same rank of life, and educated under the same conditions ; they probably write less alike than those who have been brought up at the same school. The truth seems to be that in this case the disturbing influences are too many for whatever natural tendency there may be to assert itself, and parents, or at any rate fathers, are not sufficiently often the educators of their children for the force of example to tell very strongly in that way. Girls, on the other hand, do not unfrequently copy the handwriting of their mothers.

A question of some little interest here suggests itself ; how does it come about that the prevalent type of handwriting seems to alter from generation to generation ? The style of writing of the 17th century was not that of the 16th, nor was the 18th altogether like the 17th ; certainly we do not to-day write as

our grandfathers did, still less do our wives and daughters write as their grandmothers or even as their mothers wrote. Now in writing as in other things, there would seem to be a development. The earliest writing of the Western world, that of the so-called Uncial Manuscripts, was copied more or less directly from the inscriptions cut on brass or stone. The type of letters was practically the same. But with the change of the materials used, there came almost necessarily in time a change in the mode of forming the letters. Cursive manuscripts, that is manuscripts written in a running hand, with flowing and connected letters, took almost universally by the 10th century the place of the earlier Uncial Manuscripts, with their stiff, upright, isolated letters; and handwriting, as we now understand it, emerged. But during the Middle Ages writing was the art of a comparatively few highly-trained scribes, carried by some of them to a wonderful height of perfection. After the introduction of printing, the very finest writing disappeared, for the profession of the scribe was superseded; but the number of those who could write passably increased as the habit of correspondence grew, and writing was no longer for the ordinary man the difficult, laborious process that it used to be. With increased practice handwriting became somewhat easier and more free. The progress in this direction went on with little interruption from the 16th to the 18th century; each generation shows somewhat of an advance on that which had preceded it. The writing became continuously less awkward and less stiff. But it is in our fathers' time and in our own, since the introduction of the penny post, that the great change has taken place. Nor is it hard to see why this should be so. The increased number of letters which are now written has led to increased speed in the writing of them. With increased practice the hand comes to move more speedily and easily; there is no longer the same care in the formation of the individual letters which there was while people had more time for writing. Words are, so to speak, dashed off; and we are content if we can make the whole word intelligible, without considering too minutely the letters of which it is formed. I think, too, that the improvements which have been introduced in the mechanical appliances for writing in pens, ink and paper have not been without their influence, and this influence has tended in the direction of giving greater freedom and facility to the writing. The great superiority which in these mechanical appliances we in England enjoy over most

of the nations of the Continent will also explain why it is that the handwriting of Englishmen has a bolder character than that of most foreigners.

But besides this general change in the character of our handwriting, compared with that prevalent even fifty years ago, there has also been in our own time a considerable approximation between the handwriting of men and women. Thirty years since, a woman's writing could hardly ever be mistaken for a man's, the two were absolutely distinct; now, though there are always certain subtle differences, it is often difficult to tell them apart. This approximation is partly due to the fact that what used to be called the "Italian handwriting" with its angles instead of curves, has gone out of fashion for ladies; partly it has resulted from that general movement towards approximation between the sexes in all matters of education which has been so marked a feature of our time. Women have copied the handwriting of men, and have prided themselves on doing so. In this connection I may be, perhaps, permitted to record a curious illustration of the susceptibility of women to external influences in the way of modifying their handwriting which was some time ago brought under my notice. There exists in the Bodleian Library an interesting collection of letters and other documents in the handwriting of Mary Queen of Scots. Now it is a curious feature of this collection that her handwriting, though preserving in the main its identity, constantly changed according to the purpose of the document, and her relations to those to whom the different documents were addressed. Sometimes the hand became stiff and formal; sometimes it was free, facile and vigorous. Mary, no doubt, was a woman of singular susceptibility, but the correspondence of most women, and many men, would exhibit, though in an inferior degree, somewhat similar phenomena. It is this greater susceptibility of women to external influences which makes handwriting a less trustworthy index to character in their case than in that of men.

We come now to ask ourselves whether within the limits thus laid down, and taking into account the restrictions and disturbing causes which have been above enumerated, it is possible to draw from handwriting any fair and even partially reliable inferences as to the characteristics of our correspondents? Some points of character do beyond doubt at once betray themselves in a man's or a woman's handwriting. The neat, accurate, methodical person stands, on the one hand, confessed in his writing, and so too does

the reckless, unmethodical, careless. Yet even here there are exceptions. Most mathematicians, so far as my own experience goes, write very bad, untidy, scrambling hands—and mathematicians, it might be thought, are the very type and standard of accuracy and method. But this untidy writing of mathematicians partly arises from their thought so constantly outstripping their power of expression in words or symbols, that they grow reckless in their efforts to keep pace with it; partly, accuracy in abstract thought by no means necessarily goes with precision and accuracy in practical affairs. On the other hand, the accuracy and precision of the scholar, which are much more akin to the practical qualities, do constantly betray themselves in a type of handwriting so distinct and recognizable as to have earned the title of scholarly. It may be, therefore, that the exception I have named is more apparent than real; and on the whole it seems to be true that habits of practical carefulness, neatness and accuracy are visibly represented in the handwriting, and so too are the reverse.

In the second place, firmness and decision on the one hand, nervousness and self-distrust on the other, come out pretty clearly in the character of a person's writing. A good bold hand is not generally a meaningless expression. Free, firm strokes do, as a rule, represent firmness in character. The will which trusts itself is manifested in the control exercised over the hand, while infirmity of purpose is often shown in wavering strokes, painfully formed letters, a writing which bears the stamp of being afraid of going wrong. It is here, however, specially needful to bear in mind what has been said above as to the effect that physical capacities and incapacities have in modifying handwriting. A cramped hand is by no means always the effect of a halting, undecided character, it not unfrequently comes from the hand obeying imperfectly the eye and the will. To some extent it is possible, perhaps, to distinguish between the two cases; but to do so is not easy, and requires care and attention.

The characteristic, however, which most surely expresses itself in handwriting is individuality. A remarkable man or woman—one who has, as we say, a distinct personality—hardly ever writes a quite commonplace hand; and conversely a very distinctive handwriting is generally an index to something distinctive in the character. This quality in handwriting is that which strikes us most forcibly at first sight. We involuntarily say to ourselves, "There must be something in a man or woman who can write a

hand like that." There are no doubt also eccentric handwritings, but they by no means necessarily impress us with this sense of personality; nor, again, does eccentricity of character at all certainly betray itself in eccentricity of handwriting. If what has been here said be true, it throws further light on the reasonableness of the value we attach to the study of the handwriting of great and distinguished men. Their handwriting does form a part, and a striking part of their individuality, and we know them better by the study of it. I would observe in passing that a man's signature is often the least satisfactory specimen possible of his handwriting. There is nothing which is less spontaneous than a signature, nothing less unconscious. Whim, caprice, even conscious invention, play here a considerable part. We have all heard lately a prominent politician declare that at a particular date he altered, and was apparently conscious of altering, entirely the character of his signature. He wrote his name in a free and running hand down to that date, and afterwards in a cramped and awkward hand. Such changes of signature are rare, though I do not think the instance alluded to is without a parallel; but there can be no doubt that in many instances a particular form of signature is consciously and deliberately adopted, and that the signature becomes in consequence a far less satisfactory specimen of a man's handwriting than when his writing is the natural and unconscious expression of his thoughts—for what gives to handwriting its value as an index to character is that it is unconscious.

Is it possible to go further than we have done at present, and to read in a man's writing other and more subtle traits than those that have been hitherto enumerated? I think not. We speak indeed sometimes of sympathetic and unsympathetic hands—and, no doubt, there is a certain stiffness and formality in the character which does reproduce itself in the writing—but it is easy to exaggerate the value to be attached to such indications, and they are constantly misleading. So again with respect to openness and frankness of character; they by no means uniformly accompany that particular kind of writing which we should naturally expect to indicate them.

There is another trait of character which I am always surprised exercises so little direct influence on handwriting; I mean artistic feeling and sentiment. Artists and even painters by no means uniformly write artistic hands. No doubt, as the better sort of them are almost bound to be men

of marked individuality, this fact stamps itself upon their writing, but the sense of beauty, of harmony and precision seems often strangely wanting in the writing of artists; and a man who paints and draws wonderfully well, will not unfrequently write clumsily and ill. It is easy indeed to point to artists who have written beautifully; whose handwriting has been itself a work of art; what is surprising is that the two gifts are not more constantly conjoined than they are in fact found to be.

To sum up: it would seem that we are able to judge of character at all from handwriting only in cases where we have a considerable basis of fact and material for comparison to guide us. In other words, our knowledge is obtained, as all knowledge in such matters must be obtained, from experience and induction. In the second place, the generalizations we make can be but only approximately true; there are a variety of disturbing elements—physical peculiarities and the force of imitation being two of the chief among them—which enter in, and run counter to, and prevent the applicability of these general conclusions which the average run of our experience suggests. Further, the characteristics to which handwriting is a tolerably safe index are apt to be somewhat external and superficial—orderliness, accuracy, carefulness, neatness and their opposites being the most obvious. Beyond this, force of character and will generally make themselves felt in writing; and individuality and strength of character scarcely ever fail to be noticeable in the way in which the letters are formed, no less than in every other department of the man's activity. Moral qualities as distinct from intellectual and active faculties, are much less easily detected, and have rather to be gathered from what is written than from the style and character of the writing itself.

If what has now been stated is true, it would seem to follow that those who profess from the study of a man's or woman's handwriting to be able to give anything like a complete account of that person's character and history, are either deceiving themselves or imposing upon others. Writing lets out just enough of a person's habits, characteristics, tastes to furnish material for some more or less probable guesses as to circumstances, history and character. I can easily believe that sickness and disappointment on the one hand, indolence or continuous prosperity on the other, might betray themselves in handwriting to those who have a keen perception, or who have made a special study of the subject; but I expect that the true

solution, where any special power of discernment is supposed to be possessed, is to be found in the fallacy which Bacon so long ago pointed out—that people are struck by, and remember the successes in judging, they forget and ignore the failures; and the very successes themselves, if only the matter be really sifted, will be found in a considerable proportion of the instances to be more than half failures. That handwriting is some guide to character, and even to history, we admit; that it can be a safe guide, or anything like a complete guide, is obviously absurd.

There is one point more, not indeed directly bearing on our question, but still closely connected with it, on which I wish to add a word. Is the judgment of experts where the identity of handwriting is in question more to be trusted than that of the general public, or of the man of average intelligence? I think that experience proclaims that it decidedly is so; only that experts often do themselves injustice and raise a prejudice against their verdicts by stating too baldly the grounds on which their decisions rest. Their decisions really rest on an apprehension of subtle resemblances and differences which the trained eye learns to take in, too fine and unsubstantial to be expressed in words, and yet having great force and cogency. There are in every handwriting, just as there are in every face, certain dominant characteristics which impart to it its peculiar stamp and character. What these are can only be learnt by much training, careful observation, attention and practice. This is the particular knowledge which the specialist acquires, the acquisition of which gives to his judgments their superiority to those of the average man. But when the specialist has to state the grounds of his decisions in words, those grounds necessarily seem to outsiders of a more or less futile character. They will take some such form as this—that in the writing in question a particular letter is formed in a particular way, when that letter is never so formed in the genuine writing of the man whose writing the particular document is supposed to be, or that such and such a letter is not formed in a way in which in the genuine writing it uniformly is. Now to a decision resting on such ground we all naturally object and take exception; for we almost all are aware by actual experience that we ourselves form our letters sometimes in one way, at another in another; and so we think and say that the expert is trusting to an unreliable test. Yet it is not really so; he feels that the writing in question is wanting in those special characteristics, those

dominant features as we have called them, which mark and distinguish the genuine writing of the supposed author, and he pronounces judgment accordingly ; the only mistake has been to attempt to put into words grounds of decision which, though perfectly clear to the trained eye, are yet too subtle to admit of exact verbal expression. An illustration will make this clear. We do not expect the artist to be able to analyse for us, still less to put into words, what are the special features and turns of expression which impart its character to a face and give it the look which it habitually wears. Yet the power he has of reproducing the face in a picture is a positive proof to us of the power he has of divining the special characteristics on which the look and expression depend. The illustration may make it more easy to understand how an expert in handwriting may possess a power of discernment of which he yet cannot give any very intelligible account ; and in this way if he has proved his skill in cases where we are able to follow him, it requires no very great stretch of faith to trust his judgment in other cases where we can not. We must remember, too, that there is always one great safeguard against the forger's art. Though he may reproduce ever so exactly the letters themselves, he cannot reproduce equally exactly the manner of writing them. A letter copied painfully and carefully has never quite the same look which a letter has formed rapidly and carelessly, however exact the copy may be. The minute difference will, no doubt, escape any but the trained eye ; by the trained eye it will hardly fail to be detected, and all the more if only there is a considerable bulk of written matter on which the decision rests. In such cases forgery will very rarely escape detection by experts—and here at any rate it will be safe to trust to their judgment.

But while we thus concede to the expert his proper honour and recognize his authority within the limits of his own proper domain, it may yet be doubted whether, when it comes to judging of character from handwriting, the expert is as much to be trusted as the man of sound sense and of wide general experience. Whether the handwriting be that of the man it professes to be, the expert will decide ; what qualities it betokens and indicates can be best judged by a wider and less highly trained experience. In the same way, as Mr. Ruskin reminds us, the criticism which can best decide upon the genuineness of a work is not always that which can best tell us the worth of the picture.

W. A. SPOONER.

Foundation Stones of English Music.

VI.—CAROLS: SERIOUS AND SECULAR.

“ Then came the merry masquers in,
And Carols roared with blithesome din.
If unmelodious was the song
It was a hearty note, and strong ;
Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.”

PART I.—SERIOUS CAROLS.

NEVER was there a more beautiful picture of Christmas in the olden time than the great author of “Marmion” has put before us in the passage containing the few lines we have chosen to introduce Carols ; conveying, as they do, the suggestion of a deeper meaning than the simplicity of form seems at first to allow. It is quite impossible to give anything like a correct sketch, however short, of Christmas Carols, without taking into account the endless popular beliefs and traditions with which they are indissolubly connected. Some of the most lovely fancies have gathered about their season ; all kinds of legendary notions, charming and quaint enough, have grouped themselves around ; while the beautiful Christmas-time traditions continually and picturesquely referred to in Carols, are legion. We should have little clue to the meaning of many of them, unless we first interested ourselves somewhat in Christmas legendary history.

To Cornwall and Devonshire we owe the preservation of many of the oldest traditions of Christmas, which were gathered together, and firmly believed, till quite recently, by the country

people. In their estimation, the Thirty-nine Articles deserved little credence, beside the established fact, that on Christmas Eve oxen in the stalls were always found on their knees in the attitude of devotion! Bees were also supposed to sing in their hives at the same time, and many other instances prove how deeply rooted was the belief of the people in those mysterious Christmas traditions, which have found expression in the words and music of their Carols. That "mighty master of the human heart," Shakspeare, has written no more beautiful passage than the following lines upon Christmas legends:—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then they say no spirit can walk abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

It needs little after this to make us feel that in dealing with the customs and associations of Christmas, we are treading on sacred ground ; the rejoicing of those few poor shepherds of Bethlehem has given a season of joy to the whole of the civilized world, and the beliefs of centuries have thrown a veil of enchantment round everything connected with it.

Carols form one of the oldest, nay quite the oldest of Christmas customs in our meaning of them ; for does not Jeremy Taylor call the song of the shepherds at Bethlehem "the first Christmas Carol." Very much of carol music deserves more attention than it receives. In some cases it represents scholarly, and little known musical worth. When we add to this the immense value of carols historically, there seems no further need to prove, that they must essentially form a very important Foundation Stone in the music of their country, in most instances, as belonging to an independent branch of national melodies, in some, as fine examples of our country's scholarly music at different periods.

For the original celebration of that season of the year now called Christmas as a time of festivity, we must go back to a much earlier period than that of the Christian era. Sandys tells us that,

"Among the most celebrated of the festivals of the ancients was that in honour of the return of the sun, which at the winter solstice begins gradually to regain power, and to ascend apparently in the horizon. Previously to

this the year was drawing to a close, and the world was typically considered to be in the same state. The promised restoration of light and commencement of a new era were therefore hailed with rejoicings and thanksgivings."

The northern nations also kept a festival at the same time of year, in honour of Thor, a sort of mixture of festivities and religious rites, which they called Yule; this primitive word has been derived from "Iul," signifying revolution or wheel, and consequently applicable to the return of the sun; the Roman Saturnalia seem to have had the same object as the Northern Yule-tide, and it is probable that sun-worship at this time of year was a much more ancient custom still, as Greeks, Mexicans, Persians, and Chinese all possess something similar to it. The giving of presents, the use of the misletoe, the decking with evergreens, are all customs of much greater antiquity than the Christian era, though associated with the same time of year. When Christian rites and observances began to grow, it was found impossible to deprive the people of their old festivities, and they were therefore continued in a somewhat modified form, and adapted to New Testament history.

The Christian epoch was introduced into this country by Bede in 523. We hear, however, of Christmas in its present meaning being kept much earlier than that, for Christians were told in the 1st century "to keep diligently feast daies and truly in the first place the birth of Christ;"* in the 2nd century we find further instruction given to celebrate public services on the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord, "and in them solemnly sing the Angells' Hymn."

The derivation of the words "Carol," and "Noël," has given rise to a good deal of discussion and disagreement; it has been suggested that the former comes from the Saxon word "ceorl," rustic, but it seems more probable that the derivation of it is the Italian word "carolare," to sing songs of joy. The term Carol seems originally to have signified songs intermingled with dancing, or a sort of divertisement, and it is used in that sense by Chaucer, also in "*Le Roman de la Rose*," and by other old writers. "It was afterwards applied to festive songs, and as these became most prevalent at Christmas, it has for a long time past designated those sung at that feast."† Noël, the French equivalent for Christmas, is probably a corruption of "nouvelle," news, and so on to "good news or glad tidings" of

* "The Feast of Feasts," Oxford, 1644, page 137.

† Sandys' 'Christmas Carols.'

any kind, though by some writers its derivation is assigned to "Natalis," signifying birth. The word is found continually as a kind of joyful exclamation in most of the French Carols or Noël's, and, though spelt differently, is to be seen constantly in some of our own. It is considered almost an assured fact that we owe this particular form of hymn to France or Burgundy. The French Noël's of the 17th century are some of the finest in existence, with the exception of a few great Italian examples, such as Nanini's Motet, "Hodie Christus natus est."

Before treating of the Carol proper, as we now understand the term, some little account must be attempted of the early sacred plays, or mysteries as they were called, from which so many of the earliest Carols are gathered.

In our own country, miracle plays and Scripture histories are said to have been introduced by the clergy about the 11th century. The secular plays at this date were of the lowest character, and the sacred ones were produced in the hopes of diverting the populace from the coarseness and licentiousness of the secular performances. In order to make them acceptable, a most strange and homely mixture of the comic and sacred elements was permitted, most remarkable and distasteful to our ears, but perhaps not so repulsive at the time they were produced. We find, in the Chester mysteries of 1268, Noah's wife sternly refusing to enter the Ark unless accompanied by her "gossepes everich one." She is at last pushed into the Ark by her sons, where, on being welcomed by Noah, she salutes him with a hearty box on the ear! The return of the Crusaders led to new subjects for similar theatrical representations, and, in all probability, the well-known Christmas play of "St. George" may have had its commencement at this date; a representation of the kind having been performed before Henry V. at Windsor, in 1416. It is the only sacred play, as far as we are aware, that has been enacted within the remembrance of the present generation. A full account of it is given in Mr. Davies Gilbert's 'Book of Carols,' and different versions of it appear in Hone's 'Everyday Book,' Chambers' 'Book of Days,' Halliwell's 'Nursery Rhymes,' Bell's 'Songs of Peasantry,' &c. St. George, "fair Saira" (the King of Egypt's daughter), the Turkish knight, and the Doctor who endeavours to cure his wounds (sometimes assisted by Beelzebub, and, in later days, by Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of Wellington!), are the familiar personages in the drama; the end and moral of the tale

being the conversion to Christianity of the Turkish knight, whether from conviction, or the strength of St. George's arm, must not be too fully enquired !

Miss L. E. Broadwood, of Lyne, Sussex, has most kindly put in our possession for publication, a hitherto unprinted Carol tune as sung at the end of this play of St. George by the Mummers or Tipteerers,* as they are called in Sussex, accompanied by a vivid picture of their last appearance during the Christmas of 1880-81.

Miss Broadwood writes :—"A company of Tipteerers came from the neighbourhood of Horsham, and acted the play which used, some fifty years ago, to be performed almost every Christmas here, but has now become obsolete. The members of the company seemed to agree they had heard it from their elders and parents, and possessed, at the most, a rough MS. version, written down by some one as illiterate as themselves. St. George and the Seven Champions appeared in gaudy tunics of ancient-flowered chintzes, with garlands wreathed round their old high or cocked hats : they all attempt to slay the black-faced Turk, and after the clashing of their swords furiously for some time, the privilege of killing the Paynim falls to St. George ;" afterwards, by some means or other, the Turk comes to life again ! being duly healed by the doctor (who, by the way, we are told is the seventh son of a seventh son), Father Christmas enters, and cements peace betwixt all. The writer adds that while the spectators "were feeble with laughter at the costume, language, and actions of the actors, they all gathered round in a circle and struck up a tune. We naturally supposed it would be of a comic nature and prepared ourselves accordingly ; not until the end of the third verse did we discover that the words were sacred ! As to the music and words of the Carol, with which this grotesque entertainment was solemnly closed, the performers alleged that they had seen neither words nor music in print, but had learnt them 'somehow.' This was proved by *two* versions of the words being written out for me, by two of the most accomplished Tipteerers, versions so hopelessly nonsensical and corrupted that it would be impossible to print them as they stand : the words had been handed down as by parrots. I have disentangled the jumble of verses, and tried to put them into what may be like their original form. The characteristic feature of the poetry seems to be the tracing of Christ's life from birth to death, one scene after

* Mr. Parish gives the word "Tipteerer" in his 'Dictionary of Sussex Dialect,' but offers no explanation as to its derivation.

another being pictured. I am solely responsible for the present version of the words, although, where possible, I have used the Tipteerers' version *word for word*." From certain passages in this Carol, and from the old Church music ring of it, we have little hesitation in assigning it to the 16th century, if not to an earlier date. Mr. Gilbert allows two to three hundred years to most of the Carols contained in his book, and this one appears to us to have much in common with some of them in structure. Sufficient remains in Miss Broadwood's version of the words for their ancient source to be easily traced.

CAROL SUNG BY CHRISTMAS MUMMERS IN SUSSEX, 1880.

L. E. B.



I.

A glorious angel from Heaven came
Unto the Virgin maid,
Strange news and tidings of great joy
The humble Mary had—
The humble Mary had.

[Repeat last 3 lines from double bar, in full chorus.]

2.

Each mortal man remembers well
 When Christ came down from Heaven,
 'Twas for our sins and wicked ways
 His precious blood was given—
 His precious blood was given.

[Repeat as before.]

3.

Each mortal man remembers well
 When Christ was put to scorn,
 He was taken to the Judgment Hall
 And crowned with the thorn—
 And crowned with the thorn.

4.

Each mortal man remembers well
 How Christ died on the Rood,*
 'Twas for our sins and wicked ways
 Christ shed His precious blood—
 Christ shed His precious blood.

5.

Each mortal man remembers well
 When Christ our Saviour died,
 He was crucified upon the tree
 With thieves on either side—
 With thieves on either side.

6.

Each mortal man remembers well
 When Christ was wrapped in clay,
 He was taken to a sepulchre
 Where never man did lay—
 Where never man did lay.

7.

God bless your house, your children too,
 Your cattle and your store,
 The Lord increase you day by day.
 And give you more and more—
 And give, and give you more and more !

In the year 1378, we find a clerical petition to Richard II. praying him "to prohibit some unexpert people from presenting the history of the Old Testament to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense in order to represent it publicly at Christmas," showing how common were such en-

* In the Tipteerers' version "cross," instead of *rood*, which is obviously the right word.

tertainments during this reign. Again, in the time of Henry VII. we find mention of the "play of the Nativite uppon Cristynnes day in the mornynge," the performance forming a part of the duties of those persons connected with the chapel of a great house, for which they apparently receive the sum of "xxs." Christmas plays and festivities flourished in the greatest magnificence through the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, continuing till 1647, when Parliament, under Puritan influence, ordained that the Feast of the Nativity of Christ should no longer be observed, either religiously or as a holiday. That such observances entirely ceased was not of course to be expected, but they had to be conducted in a very secret manner, only practised by stealth or in privacy. There have since been attempts to revive the Christmas plays, but with little success, excepting in the very simplest form, in some remote parts of the country, as already shown. We find a more or less sacred performance taking place in the reign of Queen Anne, entitled "a little opera called the old Creation of the World newly revived with the addition of Noah's flood,"* of which the final picture appears to have been, according to the programme, "Rich Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, seen in a most glorious object all in Machines, descending in a throne . . . to the admiration of all spectators!" But these subjects were produced, without any special reference to Christmas, and did not in the least hold the same position as the earlier plays supported and carried out by the clergy.

Christmas Carols may be roughly divided into two classes; the one serious, and commonly sung through the streets from house to house to usher in Christmas morning; the other of a convivial character, adapted to the festive entertainments of that season. Though now an obsolete practice, there was in bygone days a custom of combining devotion with good fellowship, which makes classification among some carols a difficulty. We should not now-a-days receive Christmas with anything half so simple as the following couplet:

"Now that the time is come wherein
Our Saviour Christ is born,
The larders full of beef and pork,
The garners filled with corn."

but we confess to be unable to find better divisions for our

* Harleian MS.

subject than "Serious" and "Secular." Their tunes, as in other national airs, were constantly made to do duty to both sacred and secular words; in the 15th century, by way of instance, the same air was sung by the minstrels in the morning, to

"Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
This is the salutation of the angel Gabriel;"

and in the evening, to

"Bring us in good ale, bring us in good ale,
For our blessed lady's sake, bring us in good ale!"

Mr. Chappell considered, however, that the festive carols were, as a rule, sung to dance tunes, many of them having directions to be used so, and thus carrying out the original meaning of the word, to sing or warble to dancing.

This class of carol has, however, fallen into much to be regretted disuse, even more than its serious brethren. Mr. Davies Gilbert, to whom we have already alluded, and who gathered together for publication some excellent Christmas Carols, taken down from the lips of singers in the West of England at the commencement of this century, gives us in a preface a lively picture of Christmas as it then was, accompanied with these same festive carols; on Christmas Eve, "at seven or eight o'clock, cakes were drawn hot from the oven, cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of Christmas Carols continued late into the night. On Christmas Day, carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining, and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the parishioners." This was about 1820. Ten years or so later we find carol singing still kept up in the western parts of Cornwall, "the singers going about from house to house wherever they can obtain encouragement";* as we have seen in Sussex they performed as recently as 1881. In the North of England and in the Metropolis, carol singers still go round in some numbers, but their performances are somewhat poor, and generally only consist of Christmas hymns.

Turning to our first division of carols, those comprised under the heading of Serious (including both sacred and legendary

* Sandys.

examples), some curious specimens come before our notice; the earliest we have been able to find is one of the 11th century, given by Mr. Helmore in his interesting collection, with modernised versions of the words, the title of this one being "From Church to Church": it seems to partake more of the nature of an ancient chant than of what we have become accustomed to regard as a carol, but belongs without doubt to the same class of music as the celebrated "Prose de l'Ane" of the 12th century in Burgundy. There are numerous carols of the 13th century; a very fine and well-known one is "Royal Day that chasest gloom," which appears to belong to the whole of Europe, versions of it being to be found in most countries; Luther was so attached to this carol that he regarded it as inspired! As good examples of the 14th century we may take "Christ was born on Christmas Day," also from Helmore's collection, and "The seven joys of Mary," derived from a MS. of that date, there called "Joyes Fyve."

Of the 15th century, forming part of the Coventry mysteries, where, as was usual at the time, a sacred play occupied an important position, we have the following songs, the first supposed to be sung by the shepherds. We are not aware that the music of this charming carol has been published previously; we are indebted for it to the kindness of Mr. Henry Bird. It is taken from the separate parts, in a work by Thomas Sharp, entitled, "A disertation on the Pageants or dramatic mysteries anciently performed at Coventry."

TREBLE.
As I out-rode this enderes* night Of

TENOR.
(See lower.)
As I out-rode this enderes night Of three jo-ly shepherds I

BASS.
As I out-rode this en-deres night Of three jo-ly

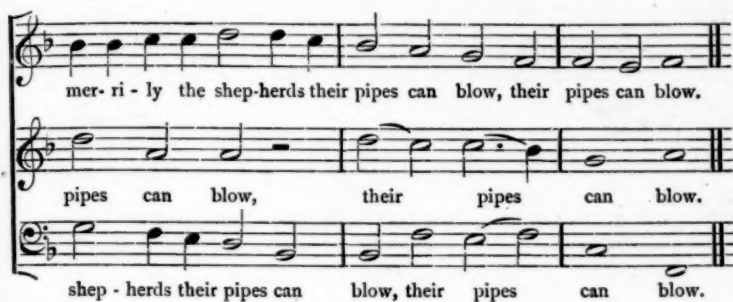
* Meaning "last."

three jo-ly shepherds I saw a sight, And all about their
 saw a sight, I saw a sight, And all a-bout their fold a star shone
 shep-herds I saw a sight, And all a-bout their fold a

fold a star shone bright, They sange ter-li, ter-low, They sange ter-li, ter-
 bright, a star shone bright, They sange ter-li, ter-low, They sange ter-li, ter-
 star shone. . . bright, They sange ter-li, ter-low, They sange ter-li, ter-

low ! So mer-ri-ly the shepherds their pipes can
 low ! So mer-ri-ly the shep-herds their pipes can blow, So mer-ri-ly the
 low ! So mer-ri-ly the shepherds their pipes can blow, their

blow, their pipes can blow, So mer-ri-ly the shep-herds, So
 shepherds their pipes can blow, So mer-ri-ly the shepherds their
 pipes can blow, So mer-ri-ly the



This was followed by a lullaby, evidently intended as a cradle song to the Infant Saviour, the original music of which is in Stainer's selection :

"O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day,
This pore youngling for whom we do singe,
By By, lully, lullay.
Herod the King, in his raging,
Chargid he hath this day,
His men of might in his owne sight
All yonge children to slay."

A remarkably fine carol of about 1460 is the one to the two sets of words, sacred and profane, to which we have already alluded, "Nowell, Nowell" being its sacred title. It was found in a very interesting MS. collection of songs, one of the few ancient MS. books possessing music as well as words—reprinted some time ago by the Percy Society, which probably belonged to some country minstrel who sang at festivals and merry-makings. We are able to gather from it that the same tune was used for several sets of words, as in the case of "Nowell," where the sacred words are written under the notes, but a direction is added to the effect that, "this is the tune for the song following"; that which immediately follows it being the wassail song of "Bring us in good ale," to which words the tune is quite as commonly sung.

At this date carol singing became universally popular, and many MS. carols, both words and music of the time of Henry VI., are to be seen in the British Museum, some of which are undoubtedly older than the manuscripts containing them. "Welcome Yule" is a good and well-known specimen. A most

interesting carol, entitled "The Virgin and Child," belongs to the time of Henry VI.; also a curious song, consisting of a "Lullaby of the Virgin to her Son," in the form of a sort of dialogue held between them with a lullaby refrain. Many of the carols of this date and earlier have occasional scraps of Latin introduced into them, no doubt remnants of the Latin Hymns, as in the 15th-century carol, also to be found in Stainer's book called "A babe is born," where each verse ends with a Latin line. In the Addit. MSS. British Museum, among collections of ancient songs dating from Henry VII. and VIII., carols are to be found by Turges, Banaster, and Cornysse, with the music in three and four parts; we cannot help feeling sure some very interesting pieces might be selected from these collections by a competent musician with leisure time at his disposal. The "Cherry Tree" Carol, as it is now generally called, has evidently for its origin a legend, which formed one of the prominent portions of the Coventry Mysteries. The story runs that as Joseph and Mary were walking through an orchard, the Virgin greatly desired some cherries, and begged Joseph to pluck them for her: this, however, he in very curt language refuses to do, alleging that the tree is too high. The Virgin then prays that her boon may be granted, when lo and behold! as expressed in the old play by Mary,

"Now I thank it God, this tre bowyeth to me down,
I may now gadeŕy anowe and etyn my fylke."

Whereupon, in the words of the carol,

"Then bespake Joseph
I have done Mary wrong—"

or, as the play has it,

"Ow I know wyll I have offendyd my God i trinȝte,
Spekyng to my spowse these unkynde wurdys,"

the whole comparison between the play and the carol is extremely interesting for those who care to pursue it. Its traditional tune is in Stainer's 2nd series of Carols.

The end of the 16th and 17th century is rich in carols owing their music not only to tradition; the well-known composer, William Byrd, has largely contributed to them in his 'Songs of Sundrie Natures,' and 'Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie,' those works which foreshadowed madrigals,

and in which we find many specimens to carol words. These books are now the property of the Royal College of Music, and, through the kindness of Sir George Grove, we have been enabled to disinter one very interesting example. We do not suppose it has seen light since "Songs of Sundrie Natures," from which it is taken, were in the singers' hands for whom they were written. All these songs consist mostly of three, four, five, and six part writing; hardly any of them are known, and we are only aware of one printed, that called the Lullaby Carol, a most beautiful specimen of the madrigal character. In Byrd's preface to 'Psalms and Sonnets,' which contains the Lullaby Carol, he tells us that they were songs "newly composed for . . . the recreation of all such as delight in music." It would be of immense interest if a collection of Byrd's carols could be reproduced, to say nothing of his other works. As a step in that direction we subjoin words and music of one example—

CAROWLE.

By WILLIAM BYRD.

SUPERIUS.

SEXTUS.

CONTRA
TENOR.

TENOR.
(8ve lower.)

MEDIUS.
(8ve lower.)

BASSUS.

An earth - lie tree a heaven - lie fruit it bare,

An

An earth - lie tree a heaven - lie

An earth - lie tree a

An earth-lie tree a heaven-
A case of claye con-tayned a crowne im -
earth-lie tree a heaven-lie fruit it bare, A case of claye con -
fruit it bare, A case of claye con-tayned a . .
heaven - lie fruit it bare, A case of claye con -

A case of claye con-tayned
lie fruit it bare,
mor - tall, A crowne of crownes, a King whose cost and care Re-deem'd
tayned a crowne im - mor - tall, A crowne of crownes, a
. . . crowne im - mor - tall, A crowne of crownes, a King whose cost . .
tayned a crowne, containd a crowne im -

a crowne im . . mor-tall.

A crowne of crownes, a King . .

poore man, . . . whose race be-fore was thrall, To death, to

King . . . whose cost and care Re-deem'd pooreman, whose

. . and care' . . Re-deem'd poore man, Re-deem'd man,

- mor - tall, A King whose cost and care Re - deem'd poore man, whose

Re-deem'd poore man, whose race be -

. . whose cost and care

doom, to pains of e - ver - last - ing, e - . . ver-last-ing, . .

race be - fore was thrall, To death, to pains of e - . . ver-last-ing

whose race be-fore was thrall, To death, to . . . death, whose

race be - fore was thrall, To death, to doom, to pains of e - ver -

fore . . . was thrall, To death, to doom, to pains of e-ver-

To death, to doom, to pains of e - ver -

To death, to doom, to pains of e - - ver -

e - ver - last - ing, To death, to doom, to pains of . . .

race be - fore was thrall, was thrall, To death, to . . . doom, to

- last - ing, To death, to . . . doom, to pains of e - - ver -

- last-ing, By His sweete death,

- last-ing, By His sweete death, By His sweete

- last - ing, By His sweete death, by His sweete death, skornes, stripes, and

e - ver - last - ing, By His . . . sweete

pains of e - - ver - last - ing,

- last - ing, to pains of e - ver - last - - ing, By His sweete



By His sweete death, skornes, stripes, and of - ten
 death, skornes, stripes, and of - ten fas-ting,
 . . . of-ten fast-ing, skornes, stripes, and of-ten fast-ing, and [of-ten fast - -
 death, skornes, stripes, By His sweete death, skornes
 By His sweete death, skornes, stripes, and of-ten fast-ing,
 death, by His sweete death, by His sweete death, skornes, stripes, and often fast-ing,



fast-ing, skornes stripes, and of - - - - - ten fast-ing.
 skornes, stripes, and of - - - - - ten fast-ing.
 - - - ing, and of - ten fast - - - - - ing.
 . . . stripes, and of - ten fast - - - - - ing.
 . . . of - ten, and of - ten fast - - - - - ing.
 skornes, stripes, and of - ten, of - - - - - ten fast - ing.

2.

"A star above the stars, a sun of light,
Whose blessèd beams this wretched earth bespread
With hope of heaven and of God's Son the sight,
Which in our flesh and sinful soul lay dead.
O faith, O hope, O joys renowned for ever,
O lively life, that deathless shall persever.

3.

Then let us sing the Lullabys of sleep
To this sweet babe born to awake us all
From drowsy sin, that made old Adam weep,
And by his fault gave to mankind the fall.
For lo! this day the birth day, day of days,
Summons our songs to give him laud and praise."

A well-known ancient nursery rhyme evidently owes its origin to a 16th-century carol, possessing one of the most attractive of traditional tunes; an excellent version of it being in Stainer's book, and a poorer one in Sandys', while the exact nursery rhyme tune is contained in Dr. Ritabault's collection:

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning,
I spied three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning;
And who should be with those three ships
But Joseph and his fair Lady—
O, he did whistle and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
For joy that our Saviour He was born
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Mr. Husk says that "for an explanation of how *two* holy personages named in this carol contrived to occupy *three* ships, we must refer either to the expounder of miracles, or to the Court Newsmen, who was wont to tell the public, that the Queen went in six carriages to the theatre!" There is a 16th-century rhyme given by Ritson in his *Scottish songs*, commencing, "There comes a ship far sailing then," containing much the same ideas, as those of this carol, which is no doubt a corrupted version of it.

Before leaving carols at the 17th century, reference must be made to three more very lovely examples; the first a beautiful and little-known sacred specimen. It is contained in Mr. Davies Gilbert's book, and we have not, so far, come across a reprint of the tune. Its music, in the chant form in A minor, seems to incline to the scholarly carol, though Mr. Gilbert assigns it a

traditional source ; anyhow, both words and music well merit notice. We give its first verse :

" Let all that are to mirth enclined
Consider well and bear in mind
What our good God for us has done
In sending His belovèd Son."

The remaining two selections both belong to the legendary class.

A most picturesque and little known carol is the "Legend of the Seven Virgins," which we reprint in its entirety from Mr. Bullen's collection, it being there given in the preface, that part of a book often omitted by general readers. The simplicity of most of these songs must necessarily form their great attraction to us, but in this one we find that genuine, poetical imagination, which invariably carries us away on its wings ; to quote Mr. Bullen's words, "its language is semi-articulate, woven of cloud-fancies, dim, as a half-remembered dream."

" All under the leaves, the leaves of life
I met with Virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

' O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,
All under the leaves of life ;
Come tell, come tell what seek you
All under the leaves of Life.'

' We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine ;
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ
To be our guide, and thine.'

' Go down, go down to yonder town
And sit in the gallery,
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
Nailed to a big yew tree.'

So down they went to yonder town
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a grievous bitter tear
From the Virgin's eyes did fall.

' O peace, Mother, O peace, Mother,
Your weeping doth Me grieve,
I must suffer this,' He said,
' For Adam and for Eve.

'O Mother, take you John Evangelist
All for to be your son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done.'

'O come thou, John Evangelist,
Thou 'rt welcome unto Me,
But more welcome my own dear son
Whom I nursed on my knee.'

Then He laid His head on His right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck Him nigh,
'The holy Mother be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die.'

O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green,
God give us grace in every place
To pray for our King and Queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all,
Our prayers they should be strong,
Amen, good God, your charity
Is the ending of my song."

The "Holy Well" possesses a most attractive traditional tune and story. Jesus, therein, is told by His mother, that He may go and play with some neighbour's children; these, however, refuse to do so, on account of His being "a poor maiden's Son." Our Lord returns to the Virgin, and relates what has happened, to which she answers:

"Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away those sinful souls
And dip them deep in Hell."

The reply of Christ in its simplicity, conveys perhaps as much theology as scores of sermons:

"'Nay, nay,' sweet Jesus mildly said,
'Nay, nay, that must not be,
There are too many simple souls
Crying out for the help of Me.'"

This short survey must close our notice of Serious Carols, numbers more claiming attention, if space allowed, belonging for the most part to the great carol-singing age of the 16th and 17th centuries. We have been enabled to give good and hitherto unpublished specimens of both scholarly and traditional, ancient carols, leaving our readers to form their own opinions and theories regarding them. It does not come within our purpose to deal with modern carols; they are few in number,

and are mostly imitations of the old ones ; no doubt if there was a revival in carol singing, good new ones would appear to meet the demand ; but, so far, the old custom seems best fitted with the ancient, quaint words, and simple characteristic music, centuries of tradition having, for the most part, attached the one to the other.

Wordsworth has given us in some beautiful verses a charming picture of North Country Carol singing in his day ; most of us who have had the opportunity of hearing it have experienced similar feelings, but they are here expressed by him, with a perfection only possible for the strength of poetic genius.

"The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves ;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of their strings.
So stout and hearty were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened ? till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim,
The greeting given, the music played
In honour of each household's name ;
Duly pronounced with lusty call
And merry Christmas wished to all.

* * * * *
How touching when at midnight sweep,
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep !
O, at an earlier call to mark
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence.

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names one heard and heard no more ;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.
Hail, ancient manners ! sure defence
Where they survive, of wholesome laws."

* * *List of still popular Serious Carols :—*

"God rest you, merry gentlemen ;"
"Remember, O thou man !"
"The first Nowell."
"King Wencelas looked out."
"The Sunny Bank."

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

(To be concluded next month.)

That the Half is More than the Whole.

A THREE-CORNERED ESSAY.



THIS is, in point of fact, a very elementary truth. I will not even go to the length of calling it paradoxical. I know that it is opposed to the modern doctrine—which is so much the worse for the modern doctrine. It is perfectly notorious that nothing is so false as figures, except facts. Two men were one day arguing a matter rather ferociously. "I suppose you will allow," said one of them, with a touch of irony, "that two and two make four." "I will not allow it for a moment," said the other, "unless I know to what use you mean to turn the admission." There was a great philosophical writer—I rather think it was Harris of the *Hermes*, or it might have been Abraham Tucker,—who allowed, indeed, that two and two made four in popular estimation, but candidly confessed that there were many arguments which to his mind tended to a different conclusion. This Harris was of Heron Court, which lies past the space of pines and bracken and fern that separates it from Bournemouth and the seaboard. He was the ancestor of those Earls of Malmesbury who have done good work in statesmanship and in literature. When he first entered the House of Commons, Pitt asked some one what he had done, and was informed that the new member had written something about music and about grammar. "Why does he come here," said Pitt, "where he will get neither the one nor the other?" If it is not a mathematical truth—which it ought to be—it is nevertheless a moral truth, that the half is more than the whole.

Those of us who have wandered about the Black Forest, amid those columnar pines, and troutful streams and lakes, and zig-

zagging retrocedent railways, have come to the grand old Cathedral of Freiburg within some eight miles of the Rhine. If we have examined carefully the massive portal we shall not fail to be impressed especially with one scene that is delineated. It is that of St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar. We all know the simple touching story which is a favourite subject both in ecclesiastical history and in Christian art. Martin, one wintry day, being outside Tours, met a poor man shivering in the cold, and taking up his cloak, gave the beggar half of it. That night there appeared to a certain one a vision of the Christ clothed with the half cloak, who said, "Martin, being only a catechumen, has clothed me with this garment." The world has never forgotten and will never forget that story of St. Martin. Would any cloak, however gay and ample, be worth one-millionth part of that divided garment? Not even Walter Raleigh's cloak which he stretched before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich, nor anything that *Sartor Resartus* has told us about in regard to human habiliments can vie with it in moral interest. So that it is in this case that the Half is More than the Whole.

And this is true throughout all the province of Ethics. That man is indeed a paltry wretch who keeps all he has to himself. The man alone is blessed "who has dispersed abroad and given to the poor." The man makes the greatest possible mistake who prefers the whole to the half. It is the case of the miser who will not sell his grain, and finds later on that the contents of his granary have been devoured by rats. It is the case of that other miser in the American story, who stored up all his money in bank-notes, and when after many years he took out his bank-notes he found that the bank that had issued them had long ago disappeared into space. Of course we may be told, that whatever else it may be, our proposition is not "business." That all depends on what our conception of business may be. That is a fine touch that Dickens gives us in his *Christmas Carol*. Old Scrooge seeks to propitiate Marley's Ghost by telling him that in his lifetime he had been a capital man of business. "The common good was my business," shrieks the spectre; "mercy, charity and forbearance were my business. The dealings of my trade were as mere drops of water in the ocean of my business."

There is a natural instinct in the human heart that tells us to share our good things, and that assures us that the half is more than the whole. When we wish to give an instance of brotherly

love, or of the love of that friend who so often "sticketh closer than a brother," we say that they "share and share alike." This is the case of the generous schoolboy, and of the old man who has not outlived the generosity of his boyhood. I have known good people in my time who have regularly given away one half of their incomings. That must necessarily be possible for only very few of us, but who will say that in their case the half is not greater than the whole? It is a common saying among the noble-hearted poor that such a one is ready to share his last loaf or his last shilling. It is a saying not peculiar to the poor. "Never mind, John," said the noble patron of a living to a clerical friend, who had got under some sort of cloud, "while I live I will share my last shilling with you." I don't suppose that the noble Earl actually proposed to surrender half forty thousand a-year to my reverend friend; but, all the same, it was a sentiment that did equal honour to his heart and hand. As a matter-of-fact, that last loaf is never divided, and that last shilling is not shared. Such blessed loaves, the *pain beni*, like those of the Miraculous Feast, multiply, and the shillings get a way of expanding into gold and notes. And there is a still higher form of "going shares" than any of a material kind. There is a sharing of thoughts, a sharing of sympathy, a sharing of hopes and prayers, which is the very best thing in human life. It indicates that exquisite companionship which is the highest blessing and boon of existence. Horace calls Virgil the "half of his soul," and I suppose that Dante, though by far a greater man than Virgil, could nevertheless have said the same. And was not the "half of the soul" all the richer and better for having given away the other half?

Let us take some further instances in practical life. There are so many cases where it would be easy to show that a man would be far better off with a half than with the whole. Take the case of some rich, childless man. He is old, or within the visible verge of being an old man. It is astonishing how often it happens that a man speaks of himself as being "comparatively a young man," until some fine morning he wakes up to the conviction that he is an old man. He has no wife, or let us say that his wife is as old as himself, and perfectly well-provided for. He has a great deal of money; more than he wants, more than he can spend. He spends quite as much upon his own living as he can consistently with the idea of living long. If he lived at all more luxuriously, he would have the gout, of which

he has already had some premonitory symptoms. What will he do with his money? He feels a sort of melancholy satisfaction in the idea that he is "worth a plum" or "will cut up fat." There is the money, and something must be done with it. He thinks that he may be able to make some kind of investment for the good of his soul. It will be creditable to his memory to have a list of pious legacies in the *Illustrated London News*, to be copied into the general, local, and colonial papers. Such a man came to me one day. He wanted a list of different societies to whom he might leave legacies in his last will and testament. I had never heard of his doing a generous act to any human being in his lifetime, but it was his wish to pose as a philanthropist after his decease. Old men, of the sort I am speaking of, often prevaricate greatly about their means. I knew such a one, who declared to his dismayed kinsfolk that he was on the verge of starvation, but when senile blindness came on him, and he had to hand over his banker's book, it was found that he had a comfortable balance of seventeen thousand pounds to his credit. In the case of the person who consulted me, I warmly applauded his design, and gave him a list of religious and charitable societies. As I knew, however, that he did not want the interest of the money which he proposed to bequeath, I ventured to suggest that he should hand over the money in his lifetime. To this he strongly demurred. In case he should have scruples in defrauding a paternal government of the legacy duty, I suggested that he might open up a correspondence with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who would cheerfully facilitate any necessary arrangement. But, like a great character in history, he declined to take off his clothes until he went to bed. I suggested to him that if the facts were known, there might be a great many pious prayers for his speedy removal to another world. This point of view had not previously struck him, but it altogether failed to make any definite impression.

In contrast to this let us mention another case. There were a father and mother and young struggling family. The great struggle was to make the two ends meet—those two elastic ends which incline towards each other with so much aversion and difficulty, and if they coalesce for a moment, presently part asunder. There was just one relative of whom they might have legitimate expectations. He called on the father one day and said: "I have always intended to leave you so many thousand

pounds," not many indeed, but we will call it half of what he had, "and I find that I am a man of few wants, and I do not use the income, and it simply accumulates ; and it has occurred to me that it might be well for me to give it to you in my lifetime, when perhaps you require it more than you may by-and-by." Now, in this case, there was no waiting for dead men's shoes. This sudden access of money gave the children a good education and opening in life, and fructified many times beyond the value of the gifts. And in the case of the generous-hearted donor, was not the half that he retained more than the whole? What litanies of blessings and thanksgiving arose from grateful hearts to the Giver of all good! What ceaseless thoughts of gratitude would expand from heart to heart and from generation to generation! I know the facts though I do not know the name, and I hold up his bright example to the imitation of any of my relations who may be contemplating a legacy in my favour.

Sometimes one feels very literally that half is more than the whole. A friend of mine was telling me yesterday of a journey which he had made to Morocco and Fez. He had gone into the interior, into a region where money is rarely seen and its use only imperfectly comprehended. He had done some service to an Arab chief who promised to send him in a supper. Accordingly the supper made its appearance in an uncooked form, and its unassuming contents were as follows : two kids, forty eggs, a dozen fowls and four sheep. I should think that this would be a case in which the half would be more than the whole. The whole value of this tremendous supper, reduced to English coinage, would be about a half-sovereign. It takes about a dozen coins of the country to make up the value of an English penny. I had a letter the same morning from a friend in South California. He had been on a visit to Mexican territory from San Diego. He describes minutely the superfluities of San Diego. The profusion of flesh, fowl and fruit is enormous. He often sees cartloads of good food, which would feed whole English villages, sent off to the manure-heap. A most profuse dinner at a *café*, exclusive of wines, is twenty-five cents. Here again we have the wisdom of our aphorism vindicated. In the town of Diego it seemed that there was a plethora of newspapers and packets at the Post Office. The local postmaster rose to the occasion. He pushed the maxim that "the half is more than the whole" to its logical conclusion that

nothing at all was better than ever so much. He devised what he considered a better plan than keeping the papers till called for, or finding out the people to whom they were addressed. He loaded several wagons with them, and had the contents "dumped," which is Californian for "tilting" or emptying, into the sea. There was a loud outcry among the people, who expressed a desire that he should himself be 'dumped' into the waters of the bay; a kind of suggestion which it is not at all unlikely the Californian folk may carry out.

Early one Sunday morning I was going along the Westminster Bridge Road. I had been vainly supposing that the condition of my boots was irreproachable, but simultaneously two young shoeblacks made a rush at me from the other side of the road. It was impossible to resist this combination of unfavourable opinion, and I at once surrendered. Feeling in my waistcoat-pocket I found there a sixpence and a halfpenny. It was not worth while getting change, and perhaps I had a mean fit upon me; anyhow I said, "I shall only give a halfpenny." I was very much amused in observing the two lads. One of them drew back contemptuously; the other rubbed his hands, stooped down and produced his brushes. The first boy was probably an ornament to a Board School and had defined notions of prices and value. "You never mean, Bob," he said, "to take half money and let yourself down to cleaning boots for a halfpenny!" But the other boy went to work steadily, saying, "I am not going to refuse a job." His companion looked on with stolid disapprobation. When the little fellow had finished his job, which he did in good style, I paid him the halfpenny and added the sixpence to it. The other boy looked on with silent astonishment. I flatter myself that I quite effected a *bouleversement* of that small prig's nascent notions of political economy, and convinced him that there is a sense in which the half is more than the whole.

I remember an amusing instance in which some worthy people would have done better for themselves if they had grasped the profound truth that the half is more than the whole. I once lived in a village where we flattered ourselves that we were an enlightened and progressive community. There was a little station in the parish where about half the ordinary trains used to stop. We considered that all the trains ought to stop, to promote our growing development, and, in conclave assembled, we addressed a petition to the mighty manager of a great

railway company. It appeared, however, that our ambition was very much greater than our traffic. Moreover the railway company, as a company, was in very bad humour, as they had lately lost several thousand pounds through an accident at this very station. The Secretary wrote to us in reply to our remonstrance, that the Company had resolved that no more trains should stop at this station, and that the station should be shut up altogether.

In some parts of the country, although I am afraid that it has generally dropped away except perhaps in Shropshire and Northamptonshire, there is the beautiful old custom of "going-a-mothering." Mothering Sunday is the Sunday of Mid-Lent. On those days the family all go to church together, first of all drinking all round of a bowl of furmety, a decoction made of wheat-grains, boiled in sweet milk, well spiced and sugared. On those days a lad or lass living in service at a distance would bring the mother home a pie, with a yellow crust like a wall, and fancifully shaped and very heavy. All the children bring presents of the season, and the unmarried lass brings the simnel cake. This is thought a good time, if the lass has got a sweetheart, to introduce him to her parents. Old Herrick seems to allude to this in the pretty lines :

" I'll for thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go a-mothering ;
So that when she blesses thee
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

I am sure the young lady would be better pleased that her lover should get half the mother's blessing than that she should appropriate the whole.

The thesis of our essays really embodies what is called the Doctrine of Compromise. It is a principle on which we may very safely act in human life. Just as in every Government there is a War Department, so in every human life there is a War Department. As Plato says, we see the State in the individual, and the individual in the State. I know very few people who have traversed the larger part of the arc of life without at one time or another having had to make an appearance in some hateful law court. We are told to study to be quiet. I am sure that we cannot be quiet, without a great deal of study how to become so. And, study it as we may, we cannot always get the quiet. The Quietists, as a sect, are gone out of fashion. We

have heard the story of a very quiet Quaker who said to one who had wronged him : "Friend, my religion forbids me to go to law with thee, but assuredly one of the ungodly, whom they call my solicitor, will put thee in prison." It is often the least litigious people who are forced into litigation. As far as possible we should live peaceably with all men, but sometimes it becomes a sheer impossibility. It is not simply our own interests that are involved—it would be comparatively easy to make a sacrifice of them—but the interests of others to whom we stand in a position of guardian or trustee. The "friendly" law-suit, or the "conscientious" law-suit are, as a rule, miserable and interminable things. I read in the life of a worthy bishop, how he embittered some of the last years of his life by a law-suit about some trifling matters, acting, as he thought, in the interest of his successor. With regard to this War Department of human life, it is a very sensible comprehensive rule, to be quite content if you can get one half of your claim. I will not go to the length, which some very sensible people, including some great lawyers, have advised—of giving your opponent all he claims and a ten-pound note besides—but be quite satisfied if you can get the half of your claim. Depend upon it, it is much more than the whole. I am not simply thinking of the expenses of litigation, and the proverbial uncertainty of the law. But a man will always do well utterly to distrust his own view of his own case. I have heard of honest men who have gone into a court and have been utterly astonished and dismayed by the strength of their opponent's case. And being honest men, they have no wish to win their case against the clear rights of Right. And herein the clients are often better than their advocates. I was talking to a lady one day, the wife of a solicitor, whose husband had the conduct of a very perplexed and important case. "Let us hope," I said, in a feeble moralistic vein, "that the right side will win." "What nonsense you are talking!" said the lawyer's wife; "I hope that my husband's client, right or wrong, will win." This is more than an honest client will generally wish for himself. He may save the loss of his case and perhaps a good deal of casuistry as well, if at the very earliest opportunity he compromises on the basis of the half. And the gain is much greater in all probability than appears on material considerations. You may have extirpated a root of bitterness. You may have made a friend instead of an enemy. If, as time goes on, you obtain a clearer light on the matter in dispute, you will be able

to rectify any error that may have been made on the one side or the other. It is impossible to divest even legal matters of moral or neighbourly character. If in those difficult matters of disagreement and conflict you are able to bring sweet from bitter and light from darkness—*appone lucro*, you have made the best of an opportunity. The half is more than the whole—*medio tutissimus ibis*.

And if your case should go into a law court you will probably find, either on the one side or on the other, a fresh illustration of the truth of the Hesiodic maxim. You will observe that the acute barrister who has really a strong case preserves a tone of studious moderation. He assumes that humility which is "young Ambition's ladder." He studiously understates his case. He skilfully conveys the idea that he does not want to grasp at the whole—a sort of thing which everybody dislikes, but rather inclines towards those who are content with a half. Of course, in the long run he displays the full strength of his case, as you may find to your cost; but in his having got the first innings he has conveyed the notion of his strength and self-restraint, and this is without question a great help to a man and his cause. Indeed, the most wary judges have admitted that when a man opens a case in this way, a prejudice is insensibly contracted in his favour, and it requires the utmost exertions of the other side to do away with the impression thus created. And when "the court rises," which means when the judge disentangles his legal petticoats, and prepares to take off his war-paint in the little hole of a room, which serves him as a sort of vestry, the man who has shown moderation, and whom I claim as a disciple of "the half" theory, stands much higher in his opinion than the man who has failed to convey the pleasing idea. And you may be sure that the opinion of the jury very strongly reflects that of the judge. The wise jurist knows the truth of the saying, *summum jus summa injuria*. He hates the falsehood of extremes. He will not take the pound of flesh. He knows that the advantage pushed to the uttermost becomes the worst of disadvantages. It is just possible that you may really get your cause by sacrificing part of your case.

Let us take another illustration. It shall be from that ever popular subject of marriage. Under the conditions of marriage the whole becomes a half, and the half is ever so much more than the whole. The bachelor is *totus teres, atque rotundus*. He is a free agent. He comes and goes, and does just what he

likes. He is "lord of himself," and some day perhaps he comes to consider it "a heritage of woe." When he marries, he and his consort constitute "a corporation sole." Of that corporation he is only half, and as his wife is the better half, it logically follows that he himself is a wretchedly inferior half. Nevertheless, if he possesses a properly regulated mind, he comes to recognize that his present half is much more than his former whole. He is a better man—that is to say if he really ever was worth anything—than he ever was before. He has, or ought to have, deeper sympathies, nobler aspirations, a complete existence. This condition of halfdom divides his sorrows and doubles his joys. It is again a case of Q. E. D., *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

Then of course there are other provinces of life in which we may assert this great principle. Thus, the dialogue is more than the monologue. Which is the better, to have the talk all to yourself, or to share it with other people? There have been great masters of monologue, such as Macaulay or Madame de Stael, but no doubt their Table-talk, like the Table-talk which we possess of Luther, Selden, and Coleridge, was broken up and carried on by the frequent speech of interlocutors. The dialogue is a matchless instrument in all dialectics. How it displays the facets of a subject, and gives clearness of outline and definiteness of thought! Plato's Dialogues, to take Mr. Grote's classification, those of Search and those of Negation, show us most convincingly, that the half is more than the whole. Even the monologue of Socrates himself derives its main force from the help of others, and indeed the critics will never be able to discover how far Socrates has helped Plato, or Plato has helped Socrates. Take all the literature of dialogue from Justin Martyr's *Trypho*, to the Colloquies of Erasmus, or the dialogues of Berkeley, and the *Imaginary Conversations* of Landor, and it will be found that this is the literary instrument best suited for the treatment of the subject matter.

A very acute observer remarked to me one day, that no single speech in the House of Commons ever gave a perfectly full view of a subject, but in the course of a real debate, the full view of a subject is perfectly brought out. In the old Greek epigram the blind man carries the lame man, and in this combination each half becomes more than the whole. There is a fearful being who haunts society and goes by the name of "the greatest living authority" on such or such a subject. I once asked a man, to whom a vaguely scientific character was attached, what might be

his special line. "I suppose, sir," he answered, with conscious superiority, "that I am the greatest living authority on the subject of Stinks." Yet even the greatest living authority, if he discussed the matter with the second greatest living authority, would gain fresh light, on their common subject matter. A man who does only half the talk instead of the whole, certainly does the best for himself and for society.

There is yet another way in which we may look at our aphorism. We all know the expression, many of us by actual experience, of *working under our limitations*. We could do so much if we only had the leisure. We are not the masters of our whole time. We have only got half of it. But even here it often happens that the half is more than the whole. Some of the best work that the world has ever seen put out has been done by people who have been working under their limitations. See what work has been done by busy bankers, such as George Grote and Sir John Lubbock! Look at James Mill writing his 'History of British India,' at the India House, and Macaulay writing his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' at the War Office, at Lord Beaconsfield writing novels, and Lord Derby translating Homer amid the stress and strain of social and political life! And such men wrote perhaps all the better from the fact of their being encompassed about with their limitations. Their time is so little that they must make the most of it. Their plot of garden is so slight that they must fill it with the rarest flowers. Very often the busy time has made them more efficient for the leisure time, which served for a still higher business time. Gibbon is supposed to have written his 'Decline and Fall' all the better because his experience in the House of Commons helped him to understand imperial interests. Those who gather up the fragments fill their baskets to the brim. The other day I borrowed a most useful and popular volume which has passed through many editions, and the author or some friend had written: "This book was written in intervals of time while waiting for dinner." If this worthy man had not been pushed into a corner, the probability is that he would not have written his book.

I have said that our motto formulates the doctrine of Compromise, and this doctrine is capable of a larger extension than might be thought. It is a large subject on which a book might be written, and, indeed, has been written. It is not for the light pen of the essayist to rashly touch a subject of such magnificent proportions. But, reduced to its simplest terms,

Compromise means that each takes a half instead of one grasping at the whole, and beyond this it means that it is best that each should have a half instead of a whole. The compromise is in itself better than either of the extremes. If the lofty Muse of History might be invoked in pages so slight, that Muse shall furnish us with an illustration. Lord Macaulay is fond of asserting that the Anglican Church is a compromise between the Church of Rome and the Church of Geneva. Looking at the subject in a superficial and popular way, the generalization, albeit showy like all generalizations, may be allowed to stand, at least temporarily. But it would have been worthy of the attention of Lord Macaulay, and indeed of the pictorial and rhetorical school of historians generally, that the Anglican Fathers who are supposed to have effected the compromise had all the time no idea of effecting any compromise against conviction, and in fact some of them preferred to go to the block or the stake rather than sacrifice any conviction. The compromise was only so far adopted as it was inherently good in itself. We did not abolish the old cathedral, but we cleared away what was mere pageantry and rubbish, and from the renewed oriels the Saints and prophets are shining down on us, and prayer is ascending and music sounding and crowds adoring.

That famous saint and poet, George Herbert, translated Cornaro's famous treatise on Moderation in Diet. That wonderful Cornaro never took more than half a meal, and as he arrived at a very great old age, he is supposed to have proved practically that the half is more than the whole. George Herbert makes Cornaro say in his translation that lest he should prove intemperate after all, he will bring his discourse, to a conclusion. It is just a conceit of the Reverend Mr. Herbert Esquire, as he calls himself in Bemerton Registry, for if you look at the Italian of Cornaro you will find that he really says nothing of the kind. George Herbert inserted the remark as a rhetorical flourish. Nevertheless it shall give me a hint. I have only said half that I should like to say on the subject—but then you know by this time, that the half is more than the whole.

F. A.



A Good Old Family.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHY, George, my dear old George! is it really you? I might have been out—if only I hadn't been so tired, I would have been. So lucky I stayed at home! Come and sit down in Kitty's cosy corner and talk. Dear George, it's so nice to see you!" and Sylvia put an arm round her husband's neck and cuddled her head under his chin.

"You little goosey! one would think it was a year, instead of only a week, since you went away. However, I suppose you've done so much in the week that it seems longer."

"Done a lot! I should just think so—more than one does in a year at Beauchamp. I had no time to talk to you last night, but I must tell you about our fun, now it is over. Mr. Chatterton was away, gone to lay some foundation-stone somewhere, so Kitty and I dined with Lord Thomas Westerton and Mr. Chester at the Bachelor's Club, and then went to the New Club, and heard the band, and stayed to supper. Delicious! Such lovely music, and such good food! You'd have liked the food, George, only you couldn't have joined us, for 'husbands spoil all the fun.'"

"Well, I should say it was uncommonly bad form for you and Lady Katharine to go about to those sort of places with two fellows who aren't your husbands. Chester's a good young chap enough, but Westerton is not the sort of man that any woman ought to be seen with," said George, frowning. "What's Chatterton about to allow it?"

"Nonsense, George; don't look so cross. Lord Thomas is very nice, and besides, I tell you Mr. Chatterton didn't know—he thought we were going to the People's Concert; we had tickets for that."

"Worse and worse! Don't you see, Sylvia, how bad it all looks?"

"It was just a bit of fun—I am sure there was no harm. Kitty has often done it before, she says. However, never mind; I want to tell you about our house. You got my letter about taking one? Well, I've fixed on it."

"My dear little wife, I can't bear to stop you, but I must tell you that we can't afford the house. We must get out of it, dear; I really haven't the wherewithal."

"Oh, but George, we can't—I've promised and signed in your name, and settled. The agent refused another offer this morning. Besides, I don't think we could get anything much cheaper. The rent is only four hundred for the season, and we should have to keep the servants wherever they were."

"Very true; but don't you see if we stopped at home we could save the four hundred pounds, journeys, and all. Besides, I suppose people would drop in to dinner, and that costs a lot."

"Of course. What would be the good of having a house if people didn't come to it? It's too tiny for receptions, but we can see our friends. Oh, you'll like it when you see it—and then how economical we shall be! Why, one housemaid will do, with a little help."

"Yes, but darling, you don't take in that we could do without it altogether. I've no doubt you've made an excellent bargain, only we ought not to have the thing at all. I'm sure I can get out of it. Where does the agent live?"

George rose and took up his hat, glad to end the discussion. He was about to leave the room, when he turned to look at his wife. She had flung herself on the sofa, buried her head in the cushions, and looked altogether different from the bright, radiant creature who had thrown herself into his arms only half an hour ago.

"Why, Sylvia, my dear little girl," said George, kneeling down beside the sofa so as to pick up the limp recumbent form. "Is it such a terrible disappointment? Can't you stand poor Beauchamp any longer? I thought you liked the place—you told me how glad you were to live there not so very long ago. Why is all so changed now? You shall have three weeks of London first, dear; I'm not going to take you straight home, so look up, and don't turn your back on me like that."

"I said I liked it, because I didn't know how dull it was," sobbed Sylvia. "I thought it would be nice to live in the

country, and be a sort of Lady Bountiful, and belong to one of the 'good old county families' papa was always talking about. But what's the use of them if there arn't any other county families except a few old frumps who must have been landed there straight out of the Ark? What's the use of anything if there's nobody to see it? and what's the use of having anybody to stay with us if there are no horses—no picnics—no tennis—no parties—no anything? What would become of all my nice clothes? The rooks don't know what one has got on, I suppose, and you—you care for nothing, you talk about nothing but manures and seeds, and leases, and money. You are no use for anything amusing; you are just a mudlark, or a mud-student, or something muddy—I don't know what. Oh! dear, dear! I am so unhappy!" and poor Sylvia, drying her eyes, stopped sobbing, and looked all she felt, cross, miserable, and disappointed.

George got up and fidgeted with the chimney-piece ornaments. He was very sorry to vex his wife, but at the same time he was hurt and angry at her want of appreciation of their difficulties.

"You don't think I do it on purpose, do you? Surely you must see that I, too, have given up a good deal. I have only one hunter, I'm going to sell him, and I told you long ago I was going to stop the pheasant rearing. What more can I do?"

"Do? why stop spending all that money on the estate. What's the good of it? What do you get by it? The wretches don't even pay their rents, after all you do for them. Why should you do for them what you don't do for yourself or me? Hundreds and hundreds of pounds you spend on the farms. Oh! I know you do—you need not deny it; I asked your man of business."

"I do not wish to deny it. If you would only understand that I don't do it for a pleasure either to myself or them, but solely for the mercenary reason that otherwise I could not let my farms at all, and would have no money to meet my debts. Can you understand that?"

"Debts? I am sure we haven't many debts. We hardly buy anything except necessities, and you are so particular."

"They are not personal debts, but estate debts—burdens on the land—inherited debts, the interest of which I must pay or else be sold up."

"How wicked! I never knew that. How were they made?"

and why? Must you pay them, when you had nothing to do with making them?"

"It is all too long to explain, Sylvia. Suffice it that the debt is there, and the interest must be paid; that the rents have gone down, and are still going down, and that it is impossible for us to live in two houses at once. If you choose London, I will consent. I am very sorry not to be as rich a man as you thought I was when you married me, and I will do what I can to make it up to you. I can only do this by letting or selling Beauchamp Abbey. Do you wish me to do that?"

"Oh! George—and to have no country-house? Is that what you mean? How could we live in London all the year round? that would be horrid."

"Horrid or not, it is for you to choose. I could let the place, I daresay, possibly with a view to a future sale, and then we could live where we choose, do as we please, need care for nobody, and nobody would care for us," said George, bitterly, for he was sore at heart, and wearied out with all that had come upon him, not to say disappointed that his own personal sacrifices had not struck Sylvia as very great ones.

"I daresay it might be a good plan to let Beauchamp. You see we could have the Hill Street house till August—and then we might go to Brighton, or a German Bath—or somewhere jolly," said Sylvia reflectively. "But oh, George! your shooting—you would miss that—and your hunting too—how would you manage?"

"Beggars mustn't be choosers. I must find some other occupation if this is what you decide on. Never mind about a trifle like that, little woman, I only want to do my best to make you happy. And after all, if our plan doesn't suit, we can but go back to Beauchamp. I daresay it will be wise in many ways to let it, and break the back of some of the expenses that are going on there now."

"Oh, then you really would like it too! Oh, I am so very glad! Then it is settled. Dear, kind old monster, you seemed so cross when you came in, I thought you would certainly take me back to my dreary home. Now we shall have some real fun. Thank you, George darling, you are such a dear!" and she drew down his head and kissed him on his cheek.

Sylvia never noticed the quiver of the heavy moustache which concealed the sorrowful expression of her husband's mouth, or the depressed attitude of his whole figure as he leant against the

mantelshelf. The effort had been a severe one, and the continuous strain was beginning to tell, even in the tone of his usually clear, deep voice.

"Is it quite decided then? We let the house—the old place?—One toss, Sylvia. Here's half-a-crown, one chance more for Beauchamp Abbey. If it's heads, you win, and I'll go and wire to Johnstone to advertise the place for May. You call—here goes"—and George tossed up the coin. It fell heads uppermost. Sylvia clapped her hands with joy, and reached out for George's hat and stick.

"Go at once, dear boy, don't lose any time. Come back to dinner, won't you, and go with us to the Vaughans. I know Kitty will expect you."

"Not to-night, I'll go to the club. Good-night, little woman, pleasant dreams," and George left the room and the house, carrying with him a sad heart and a brave face.

In his secret soul he knew he was wrong; he felt it would have been better and more manly to take the upper hand and decide against London and for his home, with all its natural duties. The feeling of moral cowardice accompanied him as he walked down to his club, where he wrote to his agent, telling him to advertise Beauchamp Abbey to let. At the end of his letter he added, "with a view to sell." Then he posted it with his own hands, so as to be beyond reach of recall.

CHAPTER V.

The letter posted and his business done, George turned mechanically into the Park, hardly knowing which way he was going and with no particular object in view. It was a lovely evening, and so late that the drive, usually crammed with carriages, was almost empty. A shower had refreshed the grass, and the sun's last rays were shining on each little crystal drop, still unevaporated on the emerald blades. George paced slowly along, his hands in his pockets, his hat too far on the back of his head for anything but comfort. He had not thought of what he intended to do next, but had merely gone forth with the instinct of the man and the wild beast, both of which, when in trouble, seem invariably to flee from all such trammels as roofs and feminine society.

"By Jove! what a beautiful woman!"

George was awakened from his own thoughts by hearing this expression of involuntary admiration from the lips of a passer-by. He looked up and saw Marcia Portmore close to the rails. Their eyes met, rushed indeed together, and she held out both hands, whilst a lovely brilliant smile illuminated her usually grave sad face. It was all so sudden that he barely remembered to lift his hat. She had been sitting down further along the line, and was now about to get into her Victoria. "Come," she said. "Are you going anywhere—can I take you?"

"I am going nowhere, I have nothing to do."

"Then home," she said to the footman; and before either had time to realize exactly what had happened, the carriage stopped, and they found themselves alone together in Marcia's house.

"George, you will dine with me? do you know how late it is? You cannot be engaged, and you are not dressed."

He had forgotten the time, and as she spoke, a clock on the mantelpiece struck eight.

Dinner, with its delicate food, was served in the daintiest possible way; delicious wine, with an aroma of past years full upon it, shaded candles and flowers, completed what seemed to George a feast for the gods.

"Come upstairs, and have your cigarette and coffee in the drawing-room," Marcia said, when the servants had left the room. "It is more comfortable there."

He followed in a sort of dream. All dinner-time conversation had necessarily been limited and commonplace, but as George sank down in the easiest of all easy chairs, alone with his old love in her quiet, luxurious, drawing-room, he had a curious feeling at his heart, and a singing in his head, for which he could not readily account. He almost longed to make some excuse and go, but the fascination was upon him; the present pleasure hid the future pain, and he shut the door against all warnings of evil to come.

"You look so tired, Marcia, why don't you sit down? Come here," he said, rising, "and rest in this delicious chair."

"I can't rest—I never can, but I will sit in the chair if you wish it, for the mere pleasure of being asked to do anything by you again," and as she spoke she looked at him with the dangerous light of love gleaming in her eyes.

"Why are you always tired?" George continued, ignoring the latter part of her speech, though a throb at his heart gave the

lie to his quietly spoken words. "What do you mean by that? are you not well?"

"Oh! I suppose I am well," she said wearily; "but life is so dull, it is enough to make one tired to bear the burden. There is nothing to do—nothing to live for—nothing to care about," and a look of pain settled down on Marcia's face, wholly altering its radiant expression. "You know I never cared for good works, or philanthropy, as your mother does, and I'm sick of society, and what else is there?"

"You are so young yet; something is sure to happen to change life for you."

"Something? that is a little vague," Marcia said, sitting upright now, and looking George straight in the face. "What do you mean by 'something'? No, don't turn away your face—I insist on knowing," and she laid a detaining hand on her cousin's arm.

"Well you might—I mean of course you will—certainly marry again," he blurted out in a hurried nervous way. "You are so beautiful—and so young——"

"And so rich—you are probably going to add?" Marcia said bitterly. "But don't you know I lose most of my jointure if I marry again?"

"Marcia, don't speak like that. What have money and you got to do with each other?"

"You thought differently once, George. You have changed now it is too late?"

"What do you mean?" George spoke hoarsely. "I don't know what you mean. Speak! you must tell me."

George had come very near to Marcia now; she had risen from her chair, and the two were facing one another, Marcia deadly white, and George with a flush on his forehead and a dangerous look in his grey eyes.

"You have a short memory—do you really forget that late summer day at Springfield Rectory, when you went away and left me under the magnolia-tree—and I never saw you again till we met at Lady Katharine's dinner party?"

"Have I forgotten? ask yourself if it is likely! I tried to forget—I did my best when I heard you had married—but—well, we need not speak of that"—and George passed his hand unsteadily over his forehead—"but still what has that to do with me and money? It was you, not I, who sold love for money," George added brutally.

Marcia winced as if she had been struck—a sharp physical pain ran through her—she pressed her hand involuntarily to her side.

"Oh, darling! what is it?" George said. "What have I done? Why do you look like that? What a brute I am! Oh, Marcia, what is it?"—as a grey look passed over her face, and the dark lines of pain under her eyes deepened in intensity.

"It is nothing—it is over," she said. "Then was it all a mistake?"

"Was what a mistake? Once for all let us explain. Was what a mistake?" George was kneeling now at Marcia's feet, holding her two hands in his. She was on the sofa, on to which she had almost fallen when the faintness and pain had attacked her.

"Do you remember," she said very slowly and quietly, while a lump in her throat heaved up and down so that she could hardly articulate—"do you remember saying that your wife would have to live in barracks and endure many uncomfortable things? George, I thought you were going to ask me to be that wife then. I was thinking how I should tell you, with my arms round your dear neck, that nothing could be uncomfortable if only I was still with you, when—instead—you got up, and you coldly said 'good-bye,' and you went away and—oh God, have pity on me!—you took my heart with you!"

George buried his face on her knee there as he knelt at her feet, and one long tearless sob seemed torn from him; at last he looked up.

"Do you know what I thought? I misread your expression. I thought you disdained me and the future life you would have had as my wife; we both mistook."

"We did not both mistake!" Marcia said, rising indignantly. "I did not mistake; but you left me to save your own poor, miserable petty pride. 'You thought I would refuse you'! What right had you to think and not to speak? What could I, a poor wretched broken-hearted girl, do to fight against a thought? How could I tell what you thought? Are we to guess your thoughts to save your vanity from any possible wound, and so to dash our hearts against your selfish pride and break them—break them and spoil our lives for you? Oh, you men! oh, you men! you are not worth the sorrow that you make!"

Marcia broke down suddenly ; her tears choked her ; her sobs came thick and fast.

George forgot all but her pain and his.

"Oh, my darling!" he whispered—"my lost love! Oh, Marcia, forgive me—my punishment is greater than I can bear. I never guessed, I never thought—and you married so quickly ; you gave me and yourself so little time."

"So little time," she sobbed—"so little time? I don't know what it was in days, but it seemed like years to me. I was alone, you had gone ; I was an orphan, and they did not love me at the Rectory, and so when Lord Portmore came, what could I do? I cared for nothing. What did it all matter? But we understand each other now, George—dear George, it is all right now between us!" Marcia lifted her head and tried to smile.

Slowly George unwound his arms from her, gently he put her back into a chair, and very tenderly he wiped the tears from her poor pale cheeks.

"Marcia," he said huskily, so low indeed that she could hardly hear—"Marcia, we have both forgotten—I know we have forgotten."

"What?" and her eyes opened wider, whilst the meaning of his sad earnest gaze grew upon her. "Ah! yes—that you are married. I had indeed forgotten."

They rose together.

"Shall I say good-night now?" he whispered. "You are tired."

"Yes," she said coldly, as she passed him with a stately little bow, "I am tired, and it is late. Possibly you will be expected home." She was leaving the room, George went quickly after her.

"Not like this, dear, don't let us part like this! We will never speak of the past again, but this once—just this once more say good-bye."

She turned, put both her arms round his neck, kissed him once, then with a passionate sob she tore herself from him, and he found himself, he hardly knew how, out of doors in the calm, cool summer night.

Out of doors, and walking fast away from the house : his one passionate longing to return, his one coherent thought to keep away. His whole present care was to save himself and Marcia from all further revelation of what, up to to-night, had been unknown even to himself.

CHAPTER VI.

"What an odd woman Marcia Portmore is!" Sylvia said, as she walked into her husband's dressing-room some days after this. "She's going to leave London to-morrow—going down to that little place of hers on the Thames, she tells me, just the very day of this great Dartmouth House masked ball that every one is dying to go to."

"Perhaps she's not asked," suggested George, and though he spoke lightly, a sharp pain like a knife seemed to go through him, and made him feel for the moment quite weak and strange.

"Not asked! Why, what are you thinking of? You know the Duchess was Lord Portmore's sister, and she thinks Marcia the greatest wonder of the age. No, it's just one of her odd ways. She says she's not well, and tired of London."

"Not well? What's wrong? Did you see her?" George spoke quietly, but he let fall a match-box from his hand, spilling the contents on the floor.

"How careless you are, dear! you will set the hotel on fire. Do look what you are doing," and Sylvia gathered up the matches with her small white hands and put them back into their box. "Yes, I saw her yesterday. She wants us to go and see this place of hers, and I think it would be a very good plan. We might stay there whilst the servants are getting our house ready; she said a good long visit, and it wouldn't be so expensive as this hotel. That is your great idea, isn't it, old boy?" Sylvia said, laying her frizzly golden head down on George's shoulder.

"Well, no; I don't think that'll do. I don't think we'll go to Marbury. It would be dull," George added, with an effort.

"Dull? Well, I daresay it would; but I can't give that to Marcia as a reason, and it's always dull to be economical," Sylvia said. "I thought you liked Marcia—I thought you would be sure to jump at the plan. You are such a contradictory fellow; one never knows what to do for you," and Sylvia shook her skirt impatiently. "Well, you must just go for a bit, whether you like it or not, for I've accepted."

"Can't you get out of it somehow?"

"Turn round, George, it's so annoying talking to a man's back. Can't I get out of it—how? without being very rude to your cousin, and she a widow, too!"

"Oh, say you've no clothes, and can't get any! That's always a woman's reason, isn't it?" George laughed uneasily.

"An excellent reason for not paying a quiet country visit! She said she would have very few, if any, other guests, the house is so small. Why she can't go and live decently in her big place I don't know; but she won't. However, if you don't mean to go, better tell her yourself. She's your cousin, not mine; and I'm not going to be the person to do the rude thing;" with which retort Sylvia whisked herself out of the room.

"I ought not to go—it wouldn't do—and yet—why not? There is no real reason. Well, let it slide," George thought. "Something may turn up to settle it one way or other. Perhaps we shall meet at the Grahams to-night, and we'll see how the land lies."

"Ah, Mr. Gresham, you at a ball! This is rather an uncommon sight," said Lady Kitty Chatterton laughingly, as she fanned herself and George briskly with a huge yellow ostrich-feather fan. "You look hot and tired, not to say bored. Have you come to look after your wife?" Lady Katharine looked at him rather keenly as she spoke.

"I have come—well, why not to see you?" and George turned to Lady Katharine with a mischievous expression.

"Oh, I know better than that! You lost so many golden opportunities of cultivating my acquaintance, that I feel——"

"That you will allow me the honour of it without quite so much cultivation," George said, finishing the sentence with a quickness she hardly expected from him.

"Well, that was not my exact meaning; but, however, instead of standing here getting hot and quarrelling, will you take me to have an ice?"

"I deny the quarrelling, but approve of the latter part of your sentence," said George. "Where are the ices?"

"There, in that next room. I will sit here in this cool corner if you will get me the most delicious-looking ice you can find."

George returned soon, bringing a cool drink for himself also, and the two sat still, looking from their secluded and comfortable seat at the crowded room and the restless dancers, glimpses of whose revolving skirts they caught at intervals through the wide-opened doors of the adjoining ball-room.

"I am so glad you and Sylvia have got a house in town for

the season. When it is over, I shall have to go to Homburg to recruit, and I have been persuading Sylvia to come and keep me company while I am drinking and bathing. It will do her good too ; and if you'll spare her——"

"It's a very kind proposal of yours, I'm sure ; Sylvia said something to me about it. You would have to promise to take great care of my wife, and not let her over-drink, over-bathe, over-gamble—oh, but that is at an end—well, over-anything !" George said laughing, as he turned to take away Lady Katharine's ice-plate. "I should also have to trust you with the strings of a very empty purse. I wish I could give her *carte blanche* to amuse herself, but alas !"

"Well, money makes the mare go, certainly," said Lady Kitty, who was more famed for conciseness than for elegance of diction. "Yet where will you find a richer woman or a sadder face than that ?"

George looked in the direction of his companion's fan, and saw Marcia standing in the doorway. She was alone for a moment, and her face was in repose, if that can be called repose in which the shadow of pain seems to dwell permanently.

"How beautiful ! how perfectly dressed ! and how utterly sad !" was Lady Katharine's further comment.

Marcia was dressed to-night entirely in black, while in her hair and round her neck were magnificent diamonds, which caught the light and sparkled with every turn of head and throat. They seemed indeed the only living thing about her. Her pale complexion was even more waxen than usual, and her heavy eyelids seemed too tired to raise themselves and show the wearied eyes which peered so sadly out from underneath.

"Lady Kitty, where have you been hiding ? This is our dance at last. Oh, Gresham, I did not see you behind that palm ! Are you the fellow who has been keeping Lady Katharine in the background all this time ?" Lord Thomas Westerton said, as he nodded to George, and offered his arm to Lady Katharine. "You will be like water in a thirsty land to me," he said, turning to his partner. "I've been exhausting myself in vainly trying to make Lady Portmore talk !"

George waited to see them out of sight, and then he crossed to where his cousin was standing. She did not see him coming, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts.

"Marcia," he whispered, "Marcia, I am here."

As one awakened suddenly from a dream she turned to him,

the clear light-grey eyes almost fixed in unrecognizing wonder. Suddenly, like a flash, the wonder fled, and love awoke. The colour rushed up from the heart's depths, the great eyes shone like stars, the parted lips alone were silent. Her whole form was once more alive, and life and love were warm and fresh within her.

"You!" at last she spoke. "I never expected to see you here."

"Come and sit down;" and he led her unresistingly to the quiet corner where he and Lady Katharine had been a few minutes before."

"It is strange we should have met. You come so seldom to balls, and I am going to leave town to-morrow," she said, turning towards him, but not looking at his face.

"I came because I hoped to see you—for nothing else." He paused, and looked at her, but she did not raise her eyes. "Marcia," he continued, "I cannot go to see you—you know I cannot. Don't ask me, it is more than I can bear to say no, when I would give all the world to accept. I came to say this. Get me out of this visit, for I could not bear it."

"Oh, George!" she said, "oh, George! why won't you come? It is very unkind of you. However," and she proudly lifted her head as she spoke, "there is no reason why you should come if you would rather not. It would be very dull for you."

"Dull, dull! Oh, Marcia, you know better!" he murmured, as under the shadow of the palms his lips almost touched her small shell-like ear; "you know it is not that. Look at me and tell me you know the reason why."

She turned one sudden look, and their eyes met—met and melted into each other. Her breath came and went, and her voice was almost inaudible.

"George," she said, "you are quite right, and I understand; but take me home. I am so tired, so very tired."

The mighty longing which came to him to lift that white weary face to his, to clasp her round in his strong arms and bear her away—away from this sorrow and trouble—who can tell? But he could only take her down to her carriage; and as he almost lifted her into it, she looked at him with all her heart in her eyes and whispered—

"Good-bye. I shall not see you again."

It was very dark; the footman had mounted the box, and the horses were impatiently pawing the ground. He stooped in

at the window, and laid both her cold hands on his burning lips. "Good night, good-bye!" he murmured. "We have no choice."

The carriage rolled on, and George went back to the ball-room, where hour after hour he waited for his wife. She was dancing and happy, and he appeared to be talking and amusing himself. And Marcia? At home she was tossing backwards and forwards on her hot pillow, weeping her eyes out, and longing for what could never again be hers—that love which belonged by every right to another woman; that joy which a mistake on his side and a hurried marriage on hers had banished for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

The London season dragged out its weary dusty end; Sylvia and Lady Kitty had just started for the Continent, and George, an hour or two later, found himself in Mr. Cruickshank's office, surrounded with papers, and confronted by the grave spectacled face of his mother's old family lawyer.

"I always told you, Mr. George, that you should have let her ladyship get rid of those American shares. They are risky, very risky, and they are falling every day. I must urge on you to go to her ladyship at once with the papers, explain the matter fully, and get her signature to enable us to dispose of them before it is too late. Even now she will suffer considerably," he added, shaking his head. "We have lost too much time already. I do not know where her ladyship is."

"She is staying in the country with Lady Portmore. However, here I am; what is it you want me to do?"

"Take these papers to Lady Mary, get her to sign them and send them back at once, so that we may get rid of them."

"And let in some other poor chap? Is that your idea of honour and honesty?" George replied, as he laughingly shook hands with the old lawyer, and with his bundle of papers in his hand, hailed a passing hansom.

"Marcia, dear," Lady Mary said that afternoon, as she hurried into her niece's room with a telegram, "this is from George. He is coming down at once on some business of mine, and he wants to know if you can receive him for the night. Not that he gives you any option," she continued, smiling, for he wires 'on his way here,' and I suppose he may be expected at any moment. I hope you do not mind?"

"Mind! of course not, delighted," replied Marcia. "But I hope there is nothing much wrong with your business," she added, noticing for the first time Lady Mary's grave and pre-occupied look.

"I hope not either. I should not like to be a beggar in my old age. Marcia, you are over-tiring yourself; you must go and rest; you look over-strung and over-excited. This sudden news has been too much for you," and Lady Mary looked anxiously at the thin, pale, care-worn face.

Marcia was indeed sadly changed during the last few weeks. Her strange eyes shone feverishly from the midst of dark circles that looked almost like bruises on the tender skin. Round the lovely drooping mouth a close observer could trace a delicate blue line, which deepened in intensity as the day wore on and the sleepless night drew nigh. Those restless nights—those long hours of tossing, starting, and awakening from short unrefreshing half-hours of sleep—were unknown to Lady Mary, who could not understand how it happened that, without any definite illness, her niece had become so thin and changed and worn-looking. For Marcia never complained; all day long she rode or drove or walked, sometimes alone, sometimes with her aunt, and the one thing she never seemed to allow herself was a quiet rest or a quiet talk.

Still Lady Mary felt very anxious about her niece; she saw that she was ill and unhappy, that she was fighting with hidden trouble, and struggling against what life had brought. But Lady Mary was a patient woman, and she hoped that some day soon, a chance word or action would bring the opportunity she was waiting for.

"Some day," she thought, "the poor child will break down and tell me what is troubling her, and in the meantime I will not force her confidence; I will wait."

The door-bell rang with a loud peal, and with a mutual exclamation of "There he is!" both Lady Mary and Marcia hurried to receive him.

"Dear mother, I hope my telegram didn't flurry you," George said, kissing her as he spoke, and turning to Marcia, who stood with one hand on the back of a chair, and the other pressed to her side as if in pain. "And you, Marcia, it is very cool of me to ask for your hospitality like this. Can you take me in for a night? or shall I be a bore to you?"

"Well, you haven't given us much choice, or much warning,

has he, Aunt Mary?" she said, turning nervously to her aunt.

It was evident to George that she was trying to banish her own and his remembrance of their last meeting. He was grateful to her for the effort she made to speak lightly, and did his best during the evening to talk and act as if he was perfectly at his ease; but as he glanced from time to time at his cousin's changed face and nervous quivering mouth, his heart ached for her.

Very early in the evening she said, "I know you have business matters to discuss, so I shall make no apology for leaving you together, especially," she added, with a little involuntary sigh, "as I am so very, very tired. I feel as if all my bones were broken, and my poor body had been beaten with rods."

Lady Mary looked at her tenderly and anxiously. "My poor child! you do indeed look worn out, and yet you have done nothing all day. I hope a good night's sleep will refresh you."

"Thank you, Aunt Mary; if wishes could bring me rest, I know I should have yours. Good night, George," she said, as she laid her cold hand for one moment in his, and then, taking up her candlestick, she was gone.

"Mother, what is wrong with her? what ails her? She looks like the ghost of the Marcia I saw a few weeks ago." George added, almost to himself, "She looks like death," and his voice shook, as he asked, "Does she not see a doctor? What does he say?"

"That is the hard part, George; she declares she is perfectly well. This is almost the first time I ever heard her voluntarily confess to fatigue, and I think she only did so as an excuse for leaving us. I am very, very anxious about her. She looks as if she never slept, but she never speaks to me about herself. I hope very much that soon she will tell me more—I think she will. I see it in her face sometimes, and then she checks the impulse, and starts off on some new caprice. Poor Marcia! she never had much self-control or self-restraint. From a child her impulse was to fly away from, or drown sorrow in some other pursuit, rather than to sit still and let it work out its own course. Did you know," she said, turning to George, who was leaning against the mantelpiece engaged in re-arranging the ornaments, "did you know that the poor child was a Roman Catholic?"

"No, never—since when, and how!" he replied, setting down

a little china dog with a crash against its companion. "How strange!"

"No, I don't think it is strange. She is so restless and unsettled; so saint-like in her desires one day; so altogether mundane the next." Lady Mary smiled as she spoke. "She was always in extremes; halting between a wish to cut off her hair and go barefooted as a Carmelite nun on Sunday; and on Monday to make a great marriage to some Prince of the Blood, so as to become a leader of society."

"Mother, you are not just to her," George said almost sternly. "Marcia was never insincere."

"No, not insincere. She meant at the moment everything she said, but she was capricious—you must allow that!"

"Capricious; well, who isn't? but never mind now," George said impatiently. "It is getting late, and I want you to see to these papers which I've come down about."

Even with his mother George could not bear to discuss Marcia. He felt that on this one point he and Lady Mary were not in their usual complete sympathy, and the note of discord jarred. George knew that much of what his mother said was true, but he knew, or thought he knew, that it was by and through him that Marcia's life had been spoilt. He did not know, he did not wish to ask himself, whether, had they married, they would have been happy, but neither could he bear to hear her blamed for what lately had seemed to him to be his own fault. His heart bled for her, his thoughts went out to her, and yet at the same time he would have given a year out of his life to have been anywhere rather than under her roof. He lay awake long, considering how he could get away next day; and he only shut his eyes and fell asleep after he had decided that the first train should take him back again to London.

(To be concluded next month.)



Our Library List.

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THE CORRESPONDENCE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL. Edited by W. J. FITZPATRICK. (2 vols. 36s. *Murray*.) There are few names in English Parliamentary History which have been the subject of more bitter controversy and antagonism than that of Dan O'Connell. By sheer force of character and ability he won his way to the front rank, until he held the destinies of Cabinets in his hand, and, as D'Aubigné said, was "in the power he wielded the only man like Luther." More than one biography of O'Connell has appeared, but they all equally fail in one essential point—namely in the true presentment of the man—his personal character, motives, and feelings—because his private Correspondence has hitherto been kept jealously guarded from the public eye. Mr. FitzPatrick tells us that after twenty years' labour he has been enabled to collect and obtain permission to publish this Correspondence, and the result is two volumes of exceptional interest. Not only is new light thrown on obscure episodes in "the Liberator's" public career, but his touching devotion to his family, his deep religious feeling, his loyalty to the Queen, and his rollicking Irish humour are brought out in strong relief. This book will prove of great interest to the general public; to any student of Irish history and politics its value can hardly be overrated.

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LIVES OF TWELVE GOOD MEN. By the late DEAN BURGON. (2 vols. 24s. *Murray*.) A peculiar interest attaches to posthumous works, and especially is this true of these volumes when we read in the "Dedicatory Preface"—which must have been written within a few days of Dean Burgon's last illness—"little aware of the labour I was courting, I deliberately set about a task, which has taxed me severely." "Very few are the men who require five hundred pages all to themselves—of how vast a number of one's most distinguished friends would forty, fifty, sixty pages contain all that really requires to be handed down to posterity!" On this maxim the Dean appears to have based his work, and those who are acquainted with his vivacity of style, his singular power of graphic portraiture, and his vigorous modes of expression, will find all these characteristics in the present work.

Most of the biographies have already appeared in a more ephemeral form, but, with a single exception, "every one of them now appears so much enlarged, as well as revised throughout, that this is practically a new book." It is perhaps invidious to select one among these twelve charming lives, but we cannot refrain from special mention of the biography of H. J. Rose—the Cambridge man, who by force of circumstances, came to play a leading part in the Oxford Tractarian movement—with its hitherto unpublished letters of Cardinal Newman and others.

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BLACKBIRDING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, by W. B. CHURCHWARD (1 vol. 10s. 6d. *Sonnenschein*), describes the nefarious practice of kidnapping negroes and sending them to work in the Peruvian mines. The book is cast in the form of narrative, told by an old British-born negro relating his experiences, and no preface informs the reader to what extent the horrors therein set forth are founded on authentic records. A more ghastly tale of brutal villainy could hardly be conceived, and the author is not sparing of realistic details. His unpolished but vigorous style is very well suited to the task he assigns it, though he hardly succeeds in consistently preserving the phraseology appropriate to the ostensible narrator. Passages in the present work give evidence of descriptive power for which Mr. Churchward's former volume, 'My Consulate in Samoa,' had hardly prepared us. Readers with an appetite for horrors may be confidently recommended to turn to the accounts here given of life on a "blackbirding" cruiser, the burning of a negro village, and a cannibal feast. There are apparently social circles where even the Whitechapel murderer would be welcomed as a congenial spirit.

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In THE LIFE OF LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE (2 vols. 36s. *Longmans*) Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has made worthy use of a great opportunity. There have been few personalities in our time more striking than "the great Elchi," and the Eastern Question is still pressing for solution. The materials in the hands of the biographer have been most ample. Not only did Lord Stratford leave memoirs concerning the earlier part of his career, which, though written in extreme old age, show none of the weakness of failing faculties, but the Foreign Office furnishes some 15,000 documents, and the day-to-day record of ambassadorial work at Constantinople has been preserved. To weave this vast mass into a clear and connected narrative is a task requiring no ordinary skill. Mr. Lane-Poole has come triumphantly out of the ordeal, and has further assisted his readers by marginal references, table of contents and index. The book is almost a complete history of the Eastern Question during the period covered, and will be indispensable to all future historians. It is interesting to note that Lord Stratford's greatness, or rather the form it assumed, was thrust upon him, for he

would much have preferred public life in England. His biography reveals a vein of tenderness in his nature hardly before suspected, but he cannot have been serious in penning the phrase with which it opens, "Who am I that I should think of sitting down to write the story of my life?"

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THE MAPLESON MEMOIRS (2 vols. *Remington*) are a perfect mine of anecdote concerning things operative during the last thirty years. The idea that "Bohemia" is a kind of earthly paradise was perhaps more common a generation ago than now, and assuredly the present volumes will do nothing to revive the illusion. Concerning some of his friends and acquaintances Colonel Mapleson speaks flatteringly enough; he has nothing but good to record of Titiens and of Mario; but the general impression left on the reader's mind can hardly fail to be a strong reaction in favour of conventional respectability. However, the strange shifts of shady financiers, and the stranger freaks of singers half-crazy with vanity, make very good reading, and our author is not the man to spoil an amusing story. His own pluck and perseverance enlist the sympathy of his readers, and his Memoirs may be cordially commended as a lively companion during an idle hour. In a brief preface he deprecates the anger of those concerning whom he has allowed himself to be indiscreetly confidential.

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FROM MOOR ISLES, by JESSIE FOTHERGILL (3 vols. *Bentley*), is a pretty story, albeit somewhat diffusely told. Part of the narrative is put into the mouth of one of the characters, a device which mars the unity of the book for no very apparent reason. The hero is a famous tenor, a being perhaps a trifle too "bright and good" for human nature's daily consumption, but dearly loved by his protégée and ward, Ines Grey. These two, with the tenor's friend, a charming elderly widow, occupy most of the three volumes, and prevent us from hearing quite as much as we should like about the secondary heroine, Alice Ormerod, a yeoman's daughter, hopelessly in love with a young man, whose wretchedly weak character is only redeemed by an enthusiasm for music. Lucy Barraclough, the female villain of the piece, is well sketched; but the author displays against her so evident a dislike, that one wishes to have her conduct explained from her own point of view. The pictures of musical life contrast rather oddly with those given in Colonel Mapleson's Memoirs.

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THE WEAKER VESSEL, by D. CHRISTIE MURRAY (3 vols. *Macmillan*), will neither add to nor detract from its author's reputation. It suffers visibly from the necessity for filling three volumes, but it is thoroughly readable from first to last. The narrative is put into the mouth of one of the chief characters, and the plot turns on the complications arising from an unfortunate marriage contracted by a young

man who afterwards unexpectedly succeeds to a title and great estates. The device by which Lord Worborough, for that is his name, is debarred through the course of the book from the happiness which awaits him at the close, is ingenious, and not grossly improbable. Perhaps the most lively passages are those which deal with quasi-literary and artistic society, through which one may detect a certain sub-acid current of personality. Mr. Dolmer Delamere and his friend and godson, Mr. Sebastian Dolmer Jones, with their exquisitely refined sentiments, their profound learning in trifles and their crass insensibility to the feelings of those around them and the dictates of common-place honour, are very amusingly sketched.

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ORTHODOX, by DOROTHEA GERARD (1 vol. *Longmans*), is not, as the title might lead us to suppose, a theological novel. The reader is not invited to change or modify his creed, but to note the strength of racial and religious feeling among the Jews in South-Eastern Europe. The plot turns on the passionate love of a young Austrian nobleman and cavalry officer for the beautiful daughter of a Jewish huckster. His Quixotic devotion and its requital are sketched with much grace and some tenderness, but he remains to the end a somewhat shadowy figure, and we feel that the fate meted out to him at last is better suited to his character than the future he himself desired. More successful are the portraits of Surchen, the fair but grovelling sister of the heroine, and Berisch Marmorstein, her "orthodox" father. The book is interesting as illustrating the conditions of life in a land unfamiliar to English readers.

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THE YOUNGEST MISS GREEN. By F. W. ROBINSON. (3 vols. *Hurst & Blackett*.) Mr. Robinson undoubtedly possesses the art of complete mystification, and so far piquing curiosity that few will lay the book down unfinished; but it is the fate of most novels with a mystery to spur on the reader with undue speed to the catastrophe, regardless of what intervenes, and in the present case the temptation to cut one's way through some of the chapters that block the view is particularly strong. Moreover, one becomes exasperated by finding that there is far more promise of excitement than the performance warrants. Our feelings are constantly wound up to a tantalizing extent as we are marched, so to speak, to the verge of an abyss, only to take one look down, and then set off for a repetition of the process elsewhere. Somehow the complicated adventures of Miss Vanda Sherwood, her two lovers, the ubiquitous and (with one notable exception) iniquitous Green family, just fall short of thrilling! Still the mystery of Drucie's murder is so well concealed, that the story, though wildly extravagant, is certainly readable. The style is remarkably like that of the popular author of 'Mehalah.'